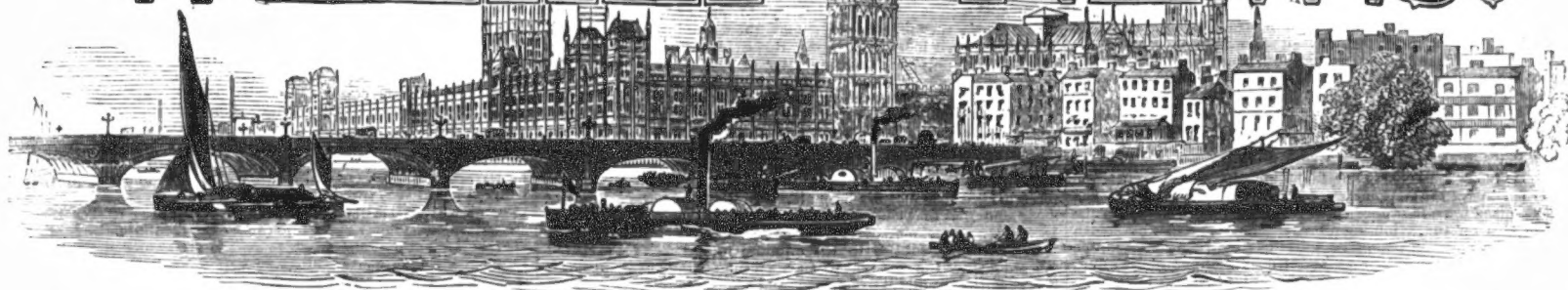


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**PENNY ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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ONE PENNY.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE ICE AT VIRGINIA WATER. (See page 483.)



## Notes of the Week.

On Sunday afternoon, at St. Thomas's Church, Westminster-road, the whole of the collecting-boxes were found broken open and their contents stolen. At the close of morning service the church was left perfectly secure, so it is supposed the thief must have secreted himself till after the congregation left, and ultimately escaped on reopening for afternoon service, by the Rev. J. Hopkins, the curate.

On Sunday morning, shortly after five o'clock, a police-constable, in passing along Tooley-street, Southwark, noticed smoke hovering over the great terminus of the Brighton and South Coast Railway at London-bridge. At first he imagined that a special train had just arrived, but in the course of a few seconds the crackling of glass and a lurid glare, which shot up almost instantaneously, led him to the belief that a fire had broken out either within or near to the station. He therefore sounded his rattle, which quickly brought to the spot other officers, and they then found that the Crystal Palace department station was in flames. This particular part of the station is about fifty-five feet broad and about sixty-two feet long. The roof was formed of thick glass, supported by iron columns and cross-bars, but none of them were able to withstand the intense heat of the fire, and the flames extended with unusual rapidity to the electric telegraph department, including the lobby, and also to another portion of the station sixty feet long and fifty broad. The fire next seized upon four goods trucks standing on a siding on the line, and also on the adjoining offices. The turncocks at length arrived, and a splendid supply of water having been obtained, the firemen went to work in their usual intrepid manner, and happily succeeded in cutting off the further spread of the flames; but they were unable to get them extinguished until about sixty or sixty-five feet of the roof of the Crystal Palace department station were destroyed, and another part, sixty by forty, almost riddled by the action of the fire. The telegraph lobby, &c., are also burned out, and the offices adjoining severely damaged by fire, and four trucks partially burned. The total loss will be very considerable.

On Saturday afternoon, Dr. Lankester presided over a jury at Colney Hatch County Lunatic Asylum, Friern Barnet, for the purpose of investigating the circumstances relative to the death of William John Squires, aged thirty-one, who died from suffocation on Tuesday morning last. The deceased had been a lighterman, and having about twelve months since accidentally fallen into the Thames, he was rescued from a watery grave, and restored to life. His brain, however, became affected, and his conveyance to the above asylum as a decided lunatic became necessary. His wife repeatedly saw him there, and on each visit she would take him two or three pounds of seed-oats, to be given to him by his attendants as he desired it. The wife was perfectly satisfied with the treatment which her unfortunate husband received in the institution. On Tuesday morning week, about eleven o'clock, while deceased was sitting in a chair in a ward-room, one of the attendants gave him a piece of the cake, and then left the room. Another attendant, however, heard some strange guttural sounds, and, on turning round, saw the deceased apparently choking. He was instantly taken into a single room, and medical assistance summoned; but, although immediately visited, life had ceased to exist. Dr. W. C. Tucker, assistant medical officer to the asylum, on making the post-mortem examination, found the valve of the glottis or air-tube fastened down by a piece of the cake, which pressed on the pharynx on the back of the glottis. The right side of the heart was full of blood and the left empty, showing that death was due to suffocation, consequent on the pressure on the glottis, as described. The jury were of opinion that the death arose from an accidental circumstance, and returned a verdict accordingly.

The Charing-cross Railway was opened for public traffic on Monday. It was an opening, and nothing more. There was no parade or ceremonial. A little after seven in the morning a train started from Charing-cross for Greenwich, and it was followed by a number of others in the course of the day. A great number of persons availed themselves of the opportunity to take a trial trip, and they appeared for the most part to be well satisfied with its accommodation.

## DREADFUL PIT ACCIDENT.

On Monday morning, at about six o'clock, a dreadful pit accident occurred at Bridge End Colliery, Bromley, three miles from Dudley, by which six men were killed. Iron plates are laid on one side of the mouth of every pit, so that there may be a smooth surface on which to wheel away the skips that are sent to bank with coal. An iron rail surrounds the pit's mouth, but when men are being let down or drawn up, one side of this guard is lifted off. The men at the above colliery attended as usual, and two bands of them were safely lowered down the shaft. The third band, six in number, then stepped on to the skip, and the engineer proceeded to lower them. Just as the men left the surface a man employed on the bank entered the stable to prepare his horse for the day's work. During the night the horse had slipped the halter off his head, and when the man approached him he bolted out at the door. The man was thrown against the manger by the horse turning round, and could not follow him. Fearing that in the darkness the animal might fall down the pit, he called to some person to stop him. It was, however, too late, for the horse had slipped and fallen into the pit. The skip, with the men on it, had by this time descended about sixty yards, and the horse came down on the bonnet of the skip with fearful violence, the rope snapped, and horse and men were precipitated to the bottom. The noise in the shaft and the crash at the bottom, brought the men who had already descended to the spot. There they found the whole of the men dead at the bottom of the pit.

Their mangled remains were gathered together in sheets, and sent to pit bank, whence they were conveyed to their respective homes. The names of the men are Joseph Baker, Job Round, Zachariah Barker, George Terry, John Page, and Thomas Fate. All the men except Round were married, and have left wives and families.

## FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—THREE MEN KILLED.

On Tuesday afternoon a fearful accident occurred at Woolwich dockyard, causing the death of three workmen and severe injuries to several others.

The paddle steam vessel *Spitful*, lying in the inner basin, has been condemned, and arrangements had been made to remove her boilers, &c., by the powerful crane and shears on the wharf, which is worked by hydraulic pressure. A number of artisans and labourers from the steam factory were employed on board the *Spitful* to carry out this work, and one of the boilers having been attached to the shears snapped asunder, and the shears, being thus released, canted round, with the ponderous gear attached, sweeping with tremendous force over the deck on which the men were standing, by which they were knocked about in all directions, the heavy chain and gear falling upon them. As soon as possible assistance came, and the authorities and medical officers of the yard went on board the vessel, the deck of which presented a shocking spectacle. Two men, named William Johnson, aged forty-five, leading hand at the factory department; and Patrick Kelly, aged twenty-five, a factory labourer, were found to be dead, and George Nash expired shortly afterwards. Five men were dangerously wounded, and others more or less so.

The shears were erected about three years since, and the link of the chain of wrought iron which snapped is about two inches in diameter, weighing several pounds.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The *Moniteur de l'Armée* announces officially that Marshal Forey, by an imperial decree of December 24, has been appointed to the command of the 2nd Corps d'Armée, comprising the 3rd and 4th military divisions, the seat of which is at Lisle.

## ALLEGED CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The *Nation* has the following on the subject of an alleged conspiracy:—

"The police has laid hands on four malefactors of that dangerous kind who regard assassination as a means of furthering a political end. They had recently arrived from London—it is always from London they arrive—and among them are three Italians and a Pole. At their lodgings, No. 185, Rue St. Honoré, and Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, a certain quantity of English gunpowder was discovered, as also four daggers, four revolvers, four air guns, phosphorus caps, slow matches several yards long, and eight Orsini bombs. It is unnecessary to state what these murderous engines were intended for. The quarter they came from, their resemblance with the fearful means of destruction which five years ago were so near plunging France into mourning and disturbing public order throughout Europe, sufficiently indicate their destination. The foreigners, whose plot has been nipped in the bud by the police, had come among us to celebrate the anniversary of the 14th of January, 1858. It appears, moreover, that one of them has made revelations which leave no doubt as to the criminal intentions of the band. We shudder at the thought of such a crime and its consequences; it is revolting to find it conceived and coolly prepared, always by Italians, as though enough of French blood had not been shed in Italy's behalf, and as if the life which they seek to attempt was not almost as precious for Italy as it is for France! There is also a Pole amongst the accomplices of this atrocious plot. Is it a delegate of the occult committee which has already signed so many sentences of death? Do these fanatics suppose that they would advance their own prospects in any way by suppressing the only man powerful enough and devoted enough to oppressed nations to realize a portion of those hopes? Do they think, supposing their crime could possibly be realized, that they would find a single Frenchman prepared to obey their injunctions? The bomb which burst at Paris would destroy for ever the cause they pretend to serve, and the Italians and Poles, whose patriotism condemns these guilty attempts, would have to pay dearly for the madness of few scoundrels."

The following further details are derived from the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. The prisoners, says that journal, are four Italians. Their names are Greco, Imperatori, Trabucco, and Maspoli. It is believed that these names are fictitious. The law papers state that immediately after the arrest it was easy to see that the leader of the band was Greco. He resisted with all his might when arrested, and when he found it impossible to resist any longer, he indulged in a "torrent of imprecation and invective," and revealed the whole plan, where it had been hatched, and by what means he had intended to carry it out. In the prisoners' possession were found eight bombs in wrought iron, filled with powder, and provided with sixteen nipples for percussion caps—four six-barrelled revolvers four daggers, &c. The daggers are grooved towards the point, and the grooves are filled with a substance now being analysed, and said to be poison of the most subtle nature. Greco is said to have declared—and his confession was confirmed by his accomplices—that they were summoned by Mazzini to meet him at Lugano in the month of October last. They proceeded thither, and it was decided that Greco and his companions should go to Paris, and attempt to murder the Emperor. Mazzini gave them four bombs, which he had received from England, and four more which he had manufactured at Genoa, four revolvers, and four daggers. Greco added, that as they were about to start, Mazzini gave him 4,000fr. (£160), telling him at the same time he was about to start for London, to await the result of their undertaking, and that he would send them some more money from thence, giving them the address to which they were to write if they were hard up. That address, in Mazzini's own handwriting, was seized among the papers of Greco. At the same time Mazzini gave him instructions written out by himself, together with a system of secret correspondence and symbolical phrases which Greco was to send to him on the day before he made the attempt. Mazzini also gave the accomplices two of his own photographs, with an autograph dedication to Greco and Imperatori. The instructions were found concealed in the leg of Greco's trousers, sewn between the lining and the cloth. A letter was also found, written by Imperatori to Mazzini, stating that having heard a plot was being prepared against the Emperor's life, he claimed to be allowed to join in carrying it out. The conspirators arrived in Paris on Christmas Day; they entered France by the Swiss frontier, and were duly provided with passports signed by the Swiss authorities. The bombs were concealed about their persons. After their arrival, they changed their lodgings several times, to avoid exciting the suspicions of the police; they lodged only two together, but met in the day-time to concert as to the best means of carrying out their crime. It is said that Greco has minutely described how he and his fellow conspirators spent their time. They had carefully reconnoitred the neighbourhood of the Opera and various other theatres, the Tuilleries, and the Bois de Boulogne. Their plan was to fling their bombs, and in the midst of the confusion arising from the explosion to rush upon the Emperor dagger and revolver in hand. Greco, with the utmost sang froid, lays great stress upon the fact of the daggers being poisoned. Since their arrival, the conspirators had been in constant correspondence with Mazzini in London, and had determined to make the attempt early last week. On the day before their arrest they filled the bombs with gunpowder. But they had spent all their money, one dinner alone had cost them 200fr. (8l.), and they had written to Mazzini for fresh supplies. After their arrest a letter addressed to Greco, from London, was seized at the Post-office. It was written by Mazzini, and enclosed 500fr. (20l.) Greco declared if the money had arrived sooner they would have perpetrated the crime. Saglio, alias Maspoli, is only twenty-two, and alone shows any sense of repentance. According to the *Gazette des Tribunaux* he protests he would not have taken any part in it. Imperatori and Trabucco are said by the *Gazette des Tribunaux* to be Garibaldians, and to wear the Marsala medal. Trabucco has been under another name convicted in France for swindling, and in England for theft.

## POLAND.

Miss Klave, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman at Warsaw, a young lady of great moral worth and accomplishments, who was transported a few months back for collecting contributions for the families of deceased insurgents, has lately written to her friends from the interior of Russia. She says she is shut up in a sort of workhouse, where she is not allowed the most necessary articles of dress, is forced to sleep almost on the bare ground, and suffers much from hunger and cold, the latter having made her very ill. The family is in despair, for there is no means of sending anything to Miss Klave, everything sent for prisoners in Russia being confiscated by the authorities.

## JAPAN.

Intelligence has been received that, after long discussions, extending over three days, the agents of Prince Satsuma have agreed

to make immediate payment of the indemnity, and have promised in writing not to relax in active search for the murderers of Mr. Richardson, and to subject them when discovered to capital punishment, in presence of one or more British officers.

## DENMARK.

The *Dagblad* of the 5th says:—"Denmark has but one answer to give to the pretensions of Germany. Yielding to the presence of a superior force and to the friendly representations of others, Denmark has withdrawn from that position of the monarchy which is connected with the German Confederation; but, with regard to Schleswig, the German Diet has no right to interfere, as it forms no part of German territory. The position of the duchy of Schleswig can only be arranged by international negotiations, or, in the last resort, by war. The attempt to occupy Schleswig is an aggression which must be resisted by force of arms. The Danish army is concentrated and prepared to fight on the ramparts of Dannevirke, and the first German soldier that crosses the Eider will be the signal for the rupture of the peace of Europe. Will Europe, with folded arms, remain a spectator of this—content herself with diplomatic protests, which are treated with contempt at Frankfurt and made a mockery of by the German press? Or will Europe still continue to exercise a pressure on Denmark in order to extort from the weaker party concessions, the injustice of which is admitted by Europe herself? Or will Europe at length understand that if political morality is something more than vain verbiage—if peace is to be preserved, it will be her duty to give effect to her remonstrances against an aggression of unexampled injustice? Is the dismemberment of Poland, which by the statesmen of France and England has been characterized as crime, spoliation, and infamy, to be repeated in our time in Denmark? The Danes will employ their whole strength, and shed the last drop of their blood, to avert the danger and to save their country, but they will fight one to twenty. Will Europe endure to see justice overborne by violence?"

## AMERICA.

On Christmas Day, Mr. Stanton visited the soldiers in Stanton Hospital, Washington, and made them a brief speech. He said:—

"Soldiers, I hope that when the next anniversary of the day you are now celebrating occurs this war will be ended, and you will have returned to your homes and your firesides. When you shall have so returned you will be considered as honoured guests of the nation. You have perilled your lives upon the battle-field, or you have suffered in camps from the ravages of disease incidental to great armies. But whether you have been wounded in battle, or suffer from sickness contracted in the service of your country, I will see that you have a proper reward given you. Soldiers, if we can end this rebellion with the extinction of slavery, will it not be a great triumph? You will, at the end of this great rebellion, when making a review of it, have the satisfaction of knowing that you have aided the Government of the United States in discharging the duties incumbent on that Government when it was in peril. And, furthermore, you will experience the feeling that you have materially aided to make the country free." (Applause.)

The *Richmond Examiner* contains the following despatches:—

"Charleston, Dec. 25.

"The enemy commenced shelling the city last night, keeping up a steady fire, which is still going on at nine a.m. this day. A fire broke out at two o'clock, destroying ten or twelve buildings, and causing a few casualties. There is heavy firing in the direction of Stono, which is believed to be between our batteries and the enemy's gun-boats. The shelling of the city continued to-day. One white man was mortally and one white woman slightly wounded, and three firemen were badly wounded by the falling walls of the burning buildings, and eight or ten were slightly wounded. All is quiet at Sumter."

"Charleston, Dec. 26.

"From twelve o'clock on Thursday night till four o'clock on Friday afternoon 130 shells were thrown at the city. The enemy fired from five guns—three at Gregg, one at Cummings Point, and from a mortar battery. The engagement on Johnson's Island between our light batteries and the enemy's gun-boats resulted in a drawn fight. There were few casualties."

"Charleston, Sunday, Dec. 27.

"The enemy fired four shells at the city last night. There has been no firing from Morris Island to-day. Our batteries kept up a vigorous fire on the enemy's working parties, who are engaged in erecting another battery at the extreme end of Cumming Point. Our loss at Stono was one killed and five wounded."

## DARING ESCAPE OF A FEMALE PRISONER.

A young woman, named Margaret Godfrey, escaped from the Town Hall on Tuesday, by extraordinary agility and daring. She was in the woman's yard attached to the cells, along with another woman. The constable who had charge of the cells was busy swilling the floors of the parade ground which adjoins, only divided from the women's yard by a short passage. The officer had to go into the women's yard for water, and missed Godfrey, whom he had seen a few minutes before. The other woman said she was in the water-closet, and the officer never supposed for a moment she could possibly have got out of the yard. On going again to the yard, some time afterwards, the officer became suspicious, and called to Godfrey without receiving any answer. Further inquiry proved that she had escaped. The walls round the yard are surmounted by sharp-pointed palisades, the height of both being more than twenty feet. A water pipe runs down the side of the wall next to the men's yard, and affords the only possible chance of climbing the walls of the women's yard. To prevent escape by this mode, two rows of long spikes have been fixed at the junction of this wall with the more lofty cross wall, which adjoins a passage leading into Castle-green. For anybody wearing petticoats to climb over these spikes seem to be impossible. It is a feat which only a daring and agile man would attempt. From an examination of the wall, however, it was clear that the prisoner had escaped that way. Her difficulties did not end when she reached the top of the wall adjoining the Castle-green passage, and climbed over the high and sharply-pointed palisades fixed on the top of it. She had then to throw herself down the other side, a depth of at least sixteen or seventeen feet, there being no projections by the aid of which she could descend any part of the way before releasing her hold. She had taken the risk of so deep a fall and had got away. Feeling sure she could not have accomplished the feat without sustaining severe injuries, the chief constable directed inquiries to be made, which resulted in the speedy discovery of the woman at the Infirmary, where she was under treatment for severe injury to the spine. She had been taken there in a cab by a man with whom she is connected, and it is conjectured that she had become aware that he was on the other side of the wall before she attempted to escape. Possibly the "young gentleman" resorted to the trick celebrated in so many old stories of serenading his "lady love," in order to inform her that he was waiting to receive her. He would probably try to catch her when she dropped down, but if so his services were of small avail. Curiously enough, the dangerous feat was undertaken to secure a very inadequate object. Men who escape from prison are generally daring thieves, who have the chance or certainty of long transportation or penal servitude before them, but Godfrey had been committed to prison for a month only, as a disorderly prostitute—a punishment which does not generally inspire much dread in persons of her class.—*Sheffield Independent*.



## General News.

At the Portsmouth Police-court, Thomas Afry, late quartermaster of the 24th Foot, and now on half-pay, was charged by relieving-officer B. Frampton with wilfully neglecting to support his wife, who had become chargeable to the parish. Defendant was clad in a "seedy" suit, and presented a very disolute appearance. He said his pay from Government was 10s. a-day, but that was reduced to 4s. 6d. on account of stoppages. He could not compromise the matter with the guardians, as he should not have any money until April. Committed for twenty-one days, with hard labour.

We have to announce the death of the Right Rev. Thomas Turton, D.D., the Bishop of Ely, in his eighty-fourth year. We understand that Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Talbot, K.C.B., has been nominated commander-in-chief at the Nile, in succession to Sir George R. Lambert, K.C.B., who hauls down his flag in consequence of having obtained the rank of admiral, according to the invariable custom of the service. Sir George Lambert, in fact, accepted the appointment under those conditions, but did not, of course, expect such a speedy termination to his command. Sir Charles Talbot will hoist his flag on the 1st of March.—*United Service Gazette*

Mr. Glyn has offered Covent Garden to the Shakspeare Committee for a morning performance; Mr. Falconer has proposed to give the proceeds of an evening at Drury Lane; Mr. Webster has proposed to give an evening at the Adelphi; Mr. Buckstone has offered an evening at the Haymarket, and Mr. George Vining one at the Princess's. It may be expected that a performance in aid of the fund will be given by every manager of a London theatre. Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Glyn, and Mrs. Charles Young have placed their eminent talents at the service of the cause.

The Montreal papers give an account of the marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Abinger, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, to Miss Ella Magruder, daughter of Commodore Magruder, late of the United States navy, and niece of Major-General J. B. Magruder, commanding Confederate forces in Texas. The marriage was celebrated at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal.

We have to announce the death of Lord Clare, who expired at an early hour on Sunday morning, at his residence in Kensington Palace-gardens. His lordship was second son of the first Earl of Clare. He was born in 1798, and, entering the army at an early age, served at Oporto, Talavera, &c., with distinction. He succeeded his brother in 1851, and became Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Limerick and colonel of the Limerick Militia. His only son, Viscount Fitzgibbon, following the example of his father, entered the army, and fell gloriously at Balaklava. The title thus becomes extinct by the present earl's death.

A very alarming accident occurred to the Earl and Countess of Cawdor, while sporting on a lake in Stackpole Court, Pembroke-shire. The noble earl was driving the Countess of Cawdor on a sledge, when the ice suddenly gave way at a considerable distance from the shore, and both were immersed in the water. Happily the catastrophe was observed by his lordship's sons—both expert swimmers—his lordship's brother, the Hon. Henry Campbell, Sir Robert Brownrigg, and Mr. Dixon, his lordship's butler, to whom great praise is due. The earl and countess were both in the water for some time, and when extricated her ladyship was in a state of insensibility.

We are happy to find that the mourning drapery which had been left standing about her Majesty's seat in Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight, and the seats of the royal household, during the last two years, has been removed. The mourning has given place to rich purple drapery.—*Hants Advertiser*.

In consequence of the death of the Bishop of Ely, the Right Rev. Dr. O. J. Elliott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, will be entitled to take his seat in the House of Lords at the commencement of the next session of parliament. The new Bishop of Ely will not be entitled to a seat in parliament until a vacancy arises in a diocese other than Canterbury, York, London, Durham, or Winchester.

On Monday morning, George Victor Townley, the murderer of Miss Goodwin, was removed from Derby gaol to St. George's-in-the-Fields Criminal Lunatic Asylum, London. The murderer was conveyed in a cab to Spondon Station, three miles from Derby, and the noon express train to King's-cross stepped at Spondon Station to take him up. He was accompanied by two warders.

A GERMAN JOURNAL, called the *White Eagle*, will, it is announced, be shortly published at Zurich. It is to be a sort of semi-official organ of the Polish movement, and its principles will be the same as those proclaimed by the National Government. The main object of the *White Eagle* would appear to be to convince the Germans that they would be benefited, as well as Europe at large, by the independence of the Poles.

The cardinal-vicar at Rome has definitely refused to authorize the British consul to have Protestant worship at his residence for the convenience of the now overflowing British congregation. It is apprehended, however, that the American minister will be more fortunate, and that some space will be obtained at the British chapel when he gathers his countrymen around him at his official residence, or at some duly authorized locality.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES SKATING.

The front illustration represents the Prince of Wales enjoying his favourite amusement of skating. During the week of frost the Prince of Wales and suite were out skating on a piece of water in Windsor-park called "Balaklava." A number of sledge chairs and an ice-escape were taken from the stores at Windsor Castle, and conveyed to the ice for the use of the Prince and suite.

**DISTRESSING ACCIDENT AT THE RESERVOIR, BIRMINGHAM.—**TWO PERSONS DROWNED.—During Sunday the reservoir of the Birmingham Canal Company, in the Reservoir-road, was visited by a large number of persons intent upon enjoying themselves in skating and sliding upon the ice. All went on well until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when a young man fell in near the obelisk-house by the reservoir wall, and where there is a depth of about eighteen feet of water. At the time the ice broke there were but few persons near the spot. As soon, however, as the fact became known a general rush was made by the persons in the vicinity to get to the side of the reservoir, and rescue the young man. The consequence was that three more persons, amongst whom was a boy about twelve years of age, fell through the ice. The greatest confusion and excitement now took place amongst the persons present as to how the immersed persons should be rescued. Two of the persons in the water, being near the side and in shallow water, were, by the assistance of some of the people on the bank, got out uninjured. The young man and boy, however, remained in the water, and police-constable Instone, who appears to have acted very bravely, rushed into the water up to his chin to endeavour to get the young man out. He found, however, that he could not reach him, and calling Police-constable Kelsall to his assistance, they proceeded, by means of the small pleasure-boat which is stationed on the pool, to the spot where the boy fell in. The water being there shallower, in a few minutes they got the boy out of the water, but he was quite dead. It seems that at the spot where the ice broke, the water, which is pumped into the reservoir by the engine used for that purpose, rushes with great force into the reservoir. The engine had been at work nearly all day, and the force of the water had worn away the ice at the spot where the accident occurred until it was very thin.

## FRAUD BY AN ACTUARY.

JAMES WOODWARD, of Neston, who has been actuary of the savings-bank there since the year 1825, is now in custody for fraudulently appropriating to his own use the moneys of the depositors. The Neston Savings Bank is an independent institution, managed by a board of directors, but the treasurer deposited the money of the bank in the Liverpool Bank of Savings. It appears that Woodward, who is about seventy years of age, was so well known and so much trusted by the villagers, that he was in the habit of receiving the money from depositors at his own house, in the street, or wherever it was presented to him. He, of course, entered the money correctly in the books held by the depositors, but he did not enter it in the receipt cash-book, as he ought to have done, when the bank opened, in the presence of one of the directors. Subsequently, having access to the ledger, he entered the accounts to the credit of the depositors in the ledger, so that the ledger correctly showed the money due to the depositors; and if the directors had insisted upon the preparation of a balance-sheet by any other person than the actuary the deficiency would have been at once detected. The Rev. R. W. Gledowe, the vicar of Neston, was the treasurer; and he and the other directors appear to have had such implicit faith in Woodward that no steps had been taken to check his accounts. It is said that on making up the last statement, in November, he took the amount in the Liverpool Savings Bank and struck a balance, forgetting altogether that the treasurer had £200 in hand. Even this does not seem to have aroused the suspicions of the treasurer, and it was only on the Rev. Mr. O'xon, the vicar of Haswell, insisting on the production of the balance-sheet that Woodward, after several weeks' delay, confessed that he had been appropriating money to his own use. In round numbers the bank owes over £12,000 to depositors, and there is only a sum of about £9,000 to meet the liabilities, so that the appropriations of Woodward will be somewhere about, and will probably not exceed, £3,500. It seems that the irregularities commenced about 1844. As may be supposed, there has been little regularity in the working of the bank. The rules provide for filling up vacancies in the list of directors, but they have not been adhered to, and it is said that at the present time it is scarcely known who are the responsible parties, the vacancies on the board of directors not having been filled up, while in other cases the gentlemen who have been named for the directory have not acted. Whenever the gentlemen may be who have allowed their names to go forth to the public as trustees, we trust that they will not allow the poor depositors to be losers by their neglect. The trustees can only be charged with having placed implicit confidence in a man who has grossly betrayed his trust, and the amount will scarcely be felt among the rich residents of the district; but if the poor depositors are to suffer the loss it will deprive many a hard-working honest man of years of saving, and reduce to beggary, in this inclement weather, some of the industrious and deserving poor of the district. We understand that the accounts have been placed for adjustment in the hands of Mr. John S. Blease, of this town.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

## THE RECENT PRIZE FIGHT.

A NEW YORK letter has the following:—"The great news that the American champion, Heenan, was defeated, is still ringing in our ears. The great unwashed part of our population refuse to be comforted. They have lost their money and their temper. There is no safety valve. They can't say that Heenan was poisoned or unfairly used. If we could charge the British people with unfairness to our man it would afford us consolation. We can't do it. The charge would be too barefaced. Heenan is but a small part of the United States population. He has been thoroughly whipped by your man King. That is not all. Mr. King seems to have been decidedly the squarer, as well as the better man. If there was any unfair play it was in the wrestling. It tired out Heenan more than it did his opponent. Heenan has made a great blunder for his personal reputation. After the Sayers' fight he had all our folks upon his side; and if he had refused to fight any more he could have lived on for fifty years, and died with the sanctity and the veneration attached to the greatest prize fighter in the world. He did not do this, and now there will be half a dozen ordinary fighters who will try to lick him as soon as he comes home. Meanwhile, the honour of America ought to be vindicated, and John Bull punished. Already two new champions have arisen, and are ready for Mr. King with 10,000 dollars. The redoubtable Joe Coburne offers to fight King for 10,000 dollars. Mr. Francis Pettit, who resides at Alexandria, but is the messenger of Mr. Seward at the State Department, also offers to raise 10,000 dollars. Very possibly he will be furnished with that sum from the secret service money, such as is used for the trip of distinguished persons to Europe to soft soap the British lion, such as Walker, Beecher, Ewart, &c. If Mr. Thomas King wishes an ovation, the freedom of the city of New York, a reception by all the military, superior to Kosuth, or the Japanese, or the Russians, let him come over. He can be for two weeks the greatest man in America. He can't run for the Presidency, not being born here, but he has reduced the Presidential candidates by whipping Heenan, who if he had whipped King would have been the most prominent among the civil candidates for the Presidency."

A FRENCH GIANT AT BELFAST.—M. J. J. Brice, perhaps the most colossal man of the present day, held the first of a series of lectures, yesterday, in the Corn Exchange. We were present at a "private view" which he gave in his hotel previous to his first public appearance in Belfast. His prodigious dimensions are such that those who were then present could hardly give expression to their opinion. His parents are peasants, and his father's height only five feet eight inches, and his mother's five feet one inch. At the age of thirteen he was equal to the height of his father, and since the age of eighteen he has been exhibiting himself in public, having visited the principal towns of France and Great Britain. He was received at the French Court, when the Emperor Napoleon presented him with a massive gold ring, which he now wears. He is none of your deformed or misshapen monsters, but a colossal, well built man. His ring will encircle two or three fingers of an ordinary individual. The hand of a goodly-sized man when placed close to his is like a child's in comparison, but the best way to judge of his enormous size is to stand close to and look up at him smiling down upon you from above. The following are the giant's measurements, as taken by Frank T. Buckland, M.A., assistant-surgeon of the 2nd Life Guards. We can certify that the height is fully as represented:—Circumference of the head, 2ft. 3in.; length of arm-bone (humerus), 1ft. 9in.; length of fore-arm (radius), 1ft. 5in.; circumference of fore-arm, 1ft. 4in.; round the bicep, 1ft. 3in.; circumference of middle finger, 3in.; breadth of hand, 5in.; length of thigh-bone (femur), 2ft. 6in.; length of leg-bone (tibia), 2ft. 1in.; length of foot, 1ft. 4in.; round the chest, 4ft. 6in.; across the shoulders, 1ft. 11in.; height, 8ft.; length of outstretched arms, 8ft. 1in.; weight, nearly thirty stones.—*Northern Daily Whig*.

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## THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

A LETTER from Melbourne of Nov. 20 has the following:—"The Maories have effected their retreat from Mere-Mere apparently without the loss of a man. They escaped by 'the back door,' as they had done on other occasions, and all the general's precautions to prevent this have proved abortive, no doubt to his great mortification; but, as it appears to me, owing to a circumstance—the peculiar condition of the river, which no one could have anticipated or provided against. If the troops and volunteers had taken the path by assault, the officers in command would have had great difficulty in compelling the men to give much quarter. The appalling list of murders in a single month is enough to create great irritation in the breasts of the Europeans. Here is the list:—On the 15th of October a settler named Humlin was shot, and a boy named Wallis, who was with him, was wounded; on the 15th Mr. Jackson and a lad named Sutherland were attacked while at work fencing—the man was shot and the lad tomahawked, but not killed; on the 16th John Fahay, a pensioner, and his wife were attacked; the man was severely wounded in his head with tomahawks, and the woman killed; on the 24th two lads named Trust, while escaping from a house attacked by the natives, were shot; on the 2nd of November a settler named Droomould was tomahawked. I have omitted soldiers from this list, which must show that to treat these savages as wild beasts will soon become an instinct with the troops and volunteers. It was just the same at Taranaki; even children of very tender years were not safe from their tomahawks. The settlers call it murder, but it is not murder, nor can it be dealt with as murder. It is the native mode of warfare. They have no fine-drawn distinctions between military and non-military, and these savage butcheries can now only be checked by the most severe and exemplary punishment. I am, indeed, inclined to view these savage slaughters as designed by the natives as a deadly challenge."

## ADDRESS OF LOYAL NEW ZEALANDERS TO THE QUEEN.

THE subjoined address, emanating from the Maories resident in the province of Canterbury, will be read with much satisfaction, especially in connexion with the statement that its language may be safely accepted as indicative of the attitude and feeling of the whole Maori body in the Middle Island towards the British Government:—

"Go then our letter, bear our love to Queen Victoria, Sovereign of England and New Zealand. Salutations to your Majesty, to your royal family, and to the memory of your departed consort. Tidings of the marriage of your son, his Royal Highness the Prince Albert Edward of Wales, have reached us, and we have heard how your English subjects joined with you in the event; we also rejoice at the happy union of his Royal Highness with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. We trust your Majesty will not despise the congratulations of so insignificant a people. Though small in number, our loyalty and affection for your Majesty is great, which we have proved by our continued obedience to your Majesty's laws. Our ancestor Tuhariri, when dying, thus spoke: 'After me be kind to men.' We, mindful of his charge, have always treated our English fellow-subjects as friends. We trust his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will never depart from the kind policy which has marked your Majesty's reign. May God preserve you, O Mother of the white and dark-skinned races! May he keep you in joy and peace, and may your days equal those of the immortal Rehua; and may you see the happiness of your children's children and of the nations Jehovah has committed to your care! This is all. From your loving children the Maories of Canterbury. On behalf of our tribe,

"Pita te Hori.	"Kora Maiti X.
"William Nihil.	"Matia X.
"Arapata Koki X.	"Ha Paikau Kairna.
"Pahip.	"Horomona i Winguu.
"Paora Taki.	"Roreta u one tumati te au te pere.
"Tanenakaitira.	"Wire mu teuki to wiri Hana.
"Kupini Gorkuri.	"Henete te Whiri.
"Thaia Talawa.	"Hapurona Taupata.
"Manahia X.	
"Operahana De Abiki X.	

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Prussia have given a new proof of their sympathy with art and science by presenting the sum of 1,000 thalers (£160) in aid of the funds for completing Cologne Cathedral, and have at the same time requested that the amount may be expended in ornamenting the building. Their royal highnesses have also promised a like amount for next year.

EXECUTION AT MELBOURNE.—A Melbourne letter of Nov. 25 says:—"We have had of late an unusual number of murders. Western Australia, of course, has contributed her contingent of offenders; Tasmania hers. Among several other very horrible cases, we have witnessed within the last fortnight the first female execution ever known in Victoria. A woman, young and very good-looking, was hanged a few days back for inciting and taking part, with her paramour, and with a third murderer, her servant, in the deliberate shooting through the head of her own husband, as he lay sleeping off a drunken debauch in his tent in one of the distant 'diggings.' In company with the two men, she walked from her cell to the gallows with the indifference—for all that appeared outwardly—of one taking an ordinary morning walk. It has been ascertained that all of these criminals are but late arrivals in this colony; and that all received their education—such as it was—in England; and therefore, even our moderate people grow somewhat intemperate in speech when they read of fresh intended arrivals from the same country, via Western Australia."

A PAINFUL CASE of accidental death took place on the sands in Morecambe Bay, between the villages of Morecambe and Bolton le Sands. An inquest was held, when the following facts appeared:—On Wednesday evening week, a fisherman, named Thomas Burrow, living at Arnside, a village close to the bay, was out shooting wild fowl upon the sands which extend beyond the tide mark for two or three miles at low water. Night came on, and with it a thick fog, which prevented Burrow's seeing farther than a few yards, and he got bewildered as to the direction he should take. The tide was rising rapidly at the time, and when he reached the bank he must have found, not only that he could not proceed any farther, but that his retreat was cut off by the rising waters. Between six and seven in the evening some fishermen at Morecambe heard a voice out at sea crying out repeatedly, "Lost, lost." Prompted by a humane feeling, they set out in a couple of boats to find whence the voice proceeded, and shouted to the person calling that they were coming, and the voice told them to make haste. After rowing about in the dark, they got to the Stonecar Bank, and called to the man to make towards them, but at last, when they thought they were close to him, he shrieked in an agonized voice, "I'm drowning—I'm drowning." After that all was quiet, and though the fishermen kept up the search for a considerable time, and repeatedly called out to ascertain if the man was still above water, they at length returned to Morecambe. Next day the fishermen went out at low water upon the sands to see if they could discover any trace of the person they had been in search of, and on the Stonecar Bank they found the body of Burrow. Mound his shoulder were slung five wild fowls, and near him was his gun. It was then clear, from the position of the body, that deceased had fallen a victim to a lingering death. A verdict of "Accidentally drowned" was returned.



## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. V.

WELL, I'll tell you one more curious thing as I've met with in my experience. It's a matter o' fifteen years ago. I were huntman to the Brockedon, as nice a pack as man need ride after, and well hunted they was, too, by Sir Geoffrey Marston, of Longfield Hall. The country all round was good, foxes was plentiful, and all would ha' gone smooth, but for some o' the country gentry round, as was members o' the hunt, and the rudest, most owdacious, overbearin' lot as ever I clapped eyes on. There were old Squire Blathers, as would swear the most horful oaths if the least thing went wrong; there were a sneerin' chap as had been in the army, and wor'n't no good there nor anywhere else; and, above all, there were Muster Hardman, as had been a mannyfacturer, and were now a tearin' swell, with heaps o' money and a fine house and stud. Well, one mornin' we met at Crosby Gorse. They was all there but Sir Geoffrey, and he'd been called away to France to see his daughter as was werry ill; and old Blathers and Hardman, and the hex-harmy cove was blusterin' away as usual, when we see a strange groom ridin' slowly up and down, and leadin' as perlick a thoroughbred as can be conceived. He looked reglar slap-up, did the groom; no tawdry nonsense about him, dressed in a plain blue coat, with a belt round his waist, white cords, and tops, and a cockade in the side of his hat. Well, all the reglar members stares at this turn-out, and some on 'em, the young ones 'specially, begins praisin' the beauty of the horses, but no one know'd who they belonged to, and old Hardman, when he found this out, grew quite wild. "Who's this," he says, "a coming un bek'nown amidst a set o' gentlemen?" "S'pose you ask the groom?" says old Blathers, who wanted the information, but didn't like the job o' getting it. "I will," says Hardman, and up he rides to the groom. "Whose horses is these, groom?" says he. "My master's, sir," says the groom, quite civil and respectful. "What's his name?" said Hardman. "Snivey," says the groom. "Any other name?" says Hardman. "Yes, Hookem," says the groom. "Ah!" says Hardman, "what is your master?" "You'd better ask him yerself, sir," says the groom, "for here he comes;" and sure enough, on lookin' round, Hardman saw a swell-lookin' gent, with a moustache and knowin' out clothes, a canterin' up as easily as possible. As he come nearer, and see Hardman talkin' to his groom, there come a curious savage sort o' expression across his face, and he looked so fierce that Hardman turned his horse's head and walked off. The gent rides up, jumps off his back, shoves his head under his saddle-flaps, and looks at the girths, jumps on to his hunter, and waits till we find. Away then he goes 'cross country like a dart, ridin' close to hounds, takin' every leap like a man, and bein' fust in at the death. When the ruck of the field come up, he took off his cap, made 'em a bow, and was just ridin' off, when Hardman comes up to him, and says in a blusterin' voice, "We want to know who you are, sir." The gent looks him straight in the face; then turns to me, and givin' me a half sovring says, "When's the next meet, huntman?" says he, quite coolly. "Friday, sir," says I, "at Combe Wood." "Very well," says he, "I'll not forget it, and I'll not forget you, sir," says he, turning to Hardman. He then bowed again, and rode off. Well, Friday come, and sure enough at Combe Wood there was the groom; the gent come afterwards, bows to the hunt, mounts, and starts off with the rest o' 'em. But this time, instead strikin' out his own line o' sountry, he stuck fast to old Hardman; wherever he rode, there was the swell side by side with him, lookin' round at him, and seemin' to take delight in havin' made him uncomfortable. Old Hardman, who was never a very good seat, began to fidget and fume; he nearly missed two jumps, and at last, at a stiff fence in Rick's meadow, Old Jack, as he was ridin', balked and refused; but Hardman, seein' the stranger laughin', got in a rage, and rammed him at it. Well, Old Jack tried, but failed, and fell a regular cropper the other side, throwing Hardman over his head. And while Hardman lay on his back, the stranger flew over him like a flash o' lightning, came up to the hounds, and was, as last time, fust in at the death. Old Hardman rode up a quarter of an hour afterwards, lookin' fearfully shook and pale about the gills, so the stranger says to him, "Mr. Hardman, I was goin' to horse-whip you to-day after the hunt, for your impertinence last time," says he; "but you've had punishment enough from your fall, and I forgive you. You wanted to know who I am. I'm Lord Sutton," says he, "Sir Geoffrey Marston's cousin, and I've took Longleat House, close here. There I'll be happy to see any gentlemen of the hunt, and give them as good a glass of wine as any in England."

On Saturday evening last, a very shocking death from passion occurred at Nottingham. About eight o'clock a man named James Rance, a second-hand clothes dealer, was at his stall in the Great Market-place, when a woman went to him and effected a purchase to the amount of 9d. Several other customers were present, and some confusion took place, the woman saying that she had paid him. He denied her statement in strong terms, and became greatly excited. She repeated that she had already paid him, and she would not give him the money a second time. Upon this he worked himself up into a tremendous passion, and dropped down dead instantly. He was taken to the nearest inn, and several medical men were called in, and they pronounced him quite dead. He was a left-handed man and several children. He was about 40 years of age.

## THE OFFICE OF COURT NEWSMAN.

MANY mistakes have occurred in the observations made on the appointment of Mr. Beard to the office of Court Newsmen, from which Mr. Doane retires. This office has nothing to do, as stated, with the clerkship of presentations, which concerns ecclesiastical appointments, and is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor. The Court Newsmen's duty is to distribute daily to the morning papers a document supplied from Court, and called the "Court Circular"—not in any way connected with a newspaper so called. The office of Court Circular, or Court Newsmen, commenced under the reign of George III. The King being much annoyed at the inaccuracies in the papers as to the royal movements, took the advice of the chief metropolitan magistrate, and appointed a Court Newsmen; and Mr. Doane, the grandfather of the late official was installed in the office, which had gradually developed itself in importance. The recording of the official doings of Ministers reception of deputations, sending off despatches, and announcements of appointments, fall to this officer. The Lord Chamberlain likewise makes a heavy demand on the Court Newsmen's services, as he is seated in the ante-room on drawing-room and levee days, and has to prepare and forward to the daily press a list of the company present, as also to do the like duty on the occasion of royal balls and evening receptions, installation of Knights of the Garter, &c. At some periods of the year the business to be done is very heavy, and the lithographed sheet which the Court Newsmen has to get struck off by press at his own private residence, cannot frequently be forwarded to the daily papers before two or three o'clock in the

## INSTALLATION OF DEAN STANLEY.

The installation of Dr. Stanley as Dean of Westminster took place on Saturday morning, at the ten o'clock service, at Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a congregation of about 1,000 persons, besides the clergy and choristers. The cathedral clergy present were the Sub-Dean, Lord John Thynne, Canons Jennings, Cureton, and Evan Nepean, the Rev. Precentor Haden, and the Revs. S. Flood Jones and Harford, both of whom assisted in the service.

During the earlier portion the service the new dean was absent, awaiting in the precincts of the cathedral the summons for the ceremony of installation. At the conclusion of the First Lesson, the precentor, quitting his stall, retired to the Jerusalem Chamber, whence he conducted Dr. Stanley into the church. Just inside, the precentor delivered the royal mandate to the sub-dean, who, after examining it, handed it to the chapter-clerk, Mr. Bedford, by whom it was read aloud. The precentor then placed the New Testament in the hands of Dr. Stanley, who took the oaths and made the declarations required; immediately after which the sub-dean conducted the dean to his stall, and while the latter was taking his seat the former gave utterance to a formal deanial address to him in Latin.

The ceremony of installation having thus been completed, the service was proceeded with.

The anthem for the occasion was, "How lovely are the messengers that preach the Gospel of peace," the music being that of Mendelssohn.

The entire service, including the ceremony of installation, occupied just an hour. A chapter was afterwards held, at which the dean presided.

## DOINGS OF THE ALABAMA.

A LETTER from Batavia of Nov. 14 says:—"On the morning of the 12th inst. the officers and crew of the American ship Amanda (600 tons register) arrived here at the United States Consulate, reporting that on the night of Friday, the 6th inst., 120 miles S.E.W. of Java Head, in the Indian Ocean, the Amanda was burnt by the so-called Confederate steamer Alabama, Semmes commander. She had on board a full cargo of sugar and hemp, shipped by Messrs. Ker and Co., of Manila, and bound to Queenstown. After the crew of the Amanda were taken on board the Alabama the vessel was burnt, and the Alabama steered for Sunda Straits, where she arrived at night time, and anchored close under the coast of Sumatra. When there she was informed by a Dutch vessel lying at anchor that the United States steamer Wyoming was at Batavia, upon which she steamed on, always keeping close to the Sumatra coast, and finally running out of Sunda Straits, stood in near North Island on the 10th inst., and at five p.m. signalled the American clipper ship Winged Racer, 1,770 register tons, Cummings, commander, which ship was owned by Robert L. Taylor, Esq., of New York, and had on board a full cargo of sugar and hemp, bound from Manila to New York, shipped by Messrs. Pease, Hubble, and Co. After distributing her crew in three of the ship's boats they were permitted to take such clothing, provision, and water as they wanted and the boats could carry, and the ship was burnt. Captain Cummings, who had his wife and child, went on board the British ship Julia, bound from Shanghai to London, then to anchor not far off, and they were landed at Anjer. The Alabama then put the crew of the Amanda into a boat, in which they arrived at Batavia. The Winged Racer sunk at half-past eight. When the Alabama was seen she was steering for the northward. The United States steamer Wyoming left Batavia on the morning of the 8th inst. for a cruise, having been detained in Batavia in order to repair her machinery. The Amanda was the first vessel destroyed by the Alabama since she left Cape Town. By later telegrams the Alabama was cruising between North Island and Nicholas Point. The Wyoming had gone on a cruise to Christmas Island, supposed to be a coaling station for rebel steamers."



HUNTING SKETCHES.—NO. V.

morning. At other times of the year the duties are, comparatively speaking, light, although daily duty throughout the year is necessary, and the responsibilities are always great.—Court Journal.

A FICKLE BRIDEGROOM.—Never was the old proverb, "Many a slip between the cup and the lip," better illustrated than it was at Hawick last week. An "English loon" had wooed a Hawick lassie, won her heart and hand, and not only promised, but arranged the day and hour she was to become his, "for better and for worse." She was poor, but he provided her with means to purchase her outfit and domestic necessaries. The house was taken, and to some extent furnished, the wedding guests were invited, even the minister had been requested to be in readiness at the appointed hour, and all "went merry as a marriage bell." The bride had begun to adorn herself for the ceremony, and only one hour had to roll away ere she had to pass from the state of single life. Judge of her feelings as a messenger, bearing a letter from her fickle lover, arrived at her abode, handed her the despatch, and demanded the key of the room. She is amazed—confounded; she opens the letter, which tells her that the marriage is broken off! Her intended has, at the last hour, received a letter from some one, not a friend of the bride, informing him that she was not what he supposed her to be.—Border Advertiser.

EXTRAORDINARY AND RARE BIRTH.—At Edmond's (late Wombwell's) Royal Windsor Castle Menagerie, Hackney, a fine Bactrian, or double-humped camel, gave birth to a very fine young one, which, with its mother, is at present doing well. This is the only instance on record of a camel being bred in England.

A CHILD SENTENCED TO PENAL SERVITUDE.—At the West Kent Quarter Sessions, held at Maidstone, before Mr. F. Espinasse, deputy chairman, a girl, thirteen years of age, named Emma Glasson, was indicted for robbing her mistress, Isabella Collington, residing at Greenwich. It appeared that the youthful prisoner had acted as servant to the prosecutrix about three weeks, but, owing to her untruthfulness and dilatoriness when sent on errands, she had been compelled to discharge her. Three days afterwards the father of the prisoner called upon the prosecutrix, and handed to her a gold watch and chain, a porte-monnaie, a pair of boots, two pairs of cuffs, and a pair of stockings, which she identified as her property, and which had been found by the step-mother of the prisoner concealed under her bed. The jury, upon the evidence before them, returned a verdict of "Guilty." There had been no previous offence committed by the prisoner, who, to the surprise of every one in court, was sentenced to four years' penal servitude.



## THE HON. WILLIAM SHEE.

THE appointment of the Hon. William Shee as the new judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, in the place of the late Sir William Wightman, has been received with more than usual satisfaction, particularly by the Catholics, he being the first judge of that persuasion since the revolution of 1688. The Hon. William Shee is a descendant of a highly respected Irish family. His father, Joseph Shee, Esq., of Thomastown, in the County of Kilkenny, settled in London, and became a merchant of some eminence. He was married to Teresa, daughter of John Darrell, Esq., of Scotney Castle, Kent. Their son, the subject of this brief sketch, and whose portrait we have here given, was born at Finchley, Middlesex, in 1804. He was educated at Ushaw College, near Durham, and also at the University of Edinburgh. On June 19, 1828, he was called to the English bar, and practised in the Home Circuit, where, almost from the commencement of his professional career, he gained considerable reputation, particularly for a most eloquent speech which he made at the celebrated meeting of "the Men of Kent," on Pennenden Heath, in November of the same year.

His talents at first were principally directed to the subjects of shipping and insurance, and his knowledge on these subjects was, perhaps, greater than any man of that period. His eloquence, however, would not admit of his confining himself to these matters solely. Being engaged as an advocate, he soon rose to the front rank at the bar, and ultimately stood foremost. As counsel, his name is associated with the principal trials of late years. That of Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner; the British Bank; Roupell, the forger; the Rev. Mr. Hatch's case; besides many of political importance.

In 1840, Mr. Shee became a serjeant-at-law; obtained a patent of precedence in 1846; and, in 1856, was made a Queen's serjeant. Prior to that, at the general election of 1847, he came forward as a Liberal for the borough of Marylebone, but was defeated. He was, however, elected as member for the county of Kilkenny, in 1852, and continued to represent that county till 1857. Since then his great practice and onerous duties have prevented him devoting that great attention to parliamentary matters which he was accustomed to give to all subjects which he undertook. He was married, Dec. 26, 1837, to Mary, sister of the present Sir Robert Glendonwyn Gordon, ninth baronet, of Gordons town and Letterfourie, Banffshire, Premier Baronet of Scotland, and daughter of Sir James Gordon, the seventh Baronet, by his wife, Mary, daughter and heir of William Glendonwyn, Esq., of Glendonwyn. In 1861, Mrs. Shee died, leaving issue to perpetuate the name and honours of one of the most eminent judges of the day, whose dignified bearing, keen sense of justice, courteous manners, without a shadow of bigotry, have won for him the respect of all.



THE HON. WILLIAM SHEE.

## CONDUCTING THE NIGHT CHARGES TO THE MARLBOROUGH-STREET POLICE-COURT.

THERE is probably nothing more debasing, and requiring radical change, than the present way in which the night charges are paraded through the busy streets of the metropolis every morning at ten o'clock from the various "lock-ups" or stations to the several police-courts. Many of these stations, especially in the districts of Clerkenwell and Marlborough-street, are more than a mile from the police-court, yet, no matter, innocent or guilty, the night charges

have to undergo, in that degrading walk handcuffed to a policeman, more real punishment than a month or two's hard labour or "solitary" within the gloomy walls of a prison.

The jeering mockery of the vitiated rabble congregating to see the night charges brought out, and accompany the train of prisoners to the court, present the same features morning after morning. "I say, Bill," cries one, "here's a lark! Twig the cove with a gingham, trying to hide his mug. He won't vant that on the mill, will he?" During the walk, each one of the prisoners will probably be subjected to similar remarks, according to their appearance. The above is a sample, without alluding more particularly to the general expressions which fall from the unfeeling crowd. Referring to our illustration below, we see how dissolute, crippled, and unrepentant age hobbles along by the side of the unmistakable thief. The saezy swell, looking the very opposite of the night previous, when in his mad excitement he had taken "too much," and now has to pay the penalty of a walk through the streets by the side of a pickpocket, prior to his being fined 5s. for being drunk and incapable. There, too, figuring in the procession, among the fallen and the brawlers, wretched, forlorn, half-clad women, and gaunt, wan, "frozen-out" labourers, who may have been refused admission at the workhouse gates, and are now charged with the crime of being "destitute," and are thus marched along, with no distinction from those who may, the evening previous, have engaged in a garrotte or a burglary. From these facts we may well question the policy, and more especially the humanity, of these diurnal exhibitions through our over-crowded streets. At Liverpool the accused are removed early in the morning in vans from the different "lock-ups" to the central tribunal. Surely the same simple plan might be adopted in London. We have abolished the stocks and pillory as barbarous and degrading to humanity. Is it not then equally so to drag these unhappy wretches about the purlieus of Regent-street, Piccadilly, &c., for all the world—minus the chain—like the malefactors of continental cities? With the convicted felon it is different. He is no sooner out of the police-court than he is conveyed away in the close, shut-up police van. The world must not look upon him. Not so with the unconvicted, and, may be, innocent night charge. He must be made a spectacle of, as a warning, we presume, to others.

We have to announce the death of the senior Admiral of the Fleet, Sir W. H. Gage, who died at his country seat in Norfolk. The venerable officer, who was in his eighty-seventh year, was the third and youngest son of Thomas, first Viscount Gage, and entered the navy in 1789.



CONDUCTING THE NIGHT CHARGES TO MARLBOROUGH-STREET POLICE-STATION.



## ACCOUPEMENT OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

On the evening of Friday, January 8th, the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a boy.

That the accouchement of her royal highness was most unexpected may be gathered from the following from the Court paper of Saturday:—

"Friday was a grand day on the ice at Virginia Water. The Prince of Wales left Frogmore Lodge at a quarter past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in an open carriage and pair, with several gentlemen of his suite, and arrived at Virginia Water shortly before twelve o'clock; the Princess of Wales followed in a close carriage, accompanied by her ladies in attendance. Their royal highnesses immediately proceeded to the lake, where they were met on the ice by about forty ladies and gentlemen, many of the gentlemen belonging to the London Skating Club. Two sides were chosen for the game of hockey; those on the Prince's side were distinguished by a white ribbon on the left arm. The game was kept up with great animation until two o'clock, when the Prince and company repaired to the fishing-temple, where they partook of a sumptuous luncheon; afterwards they returned to the lake and resumed the game of hockey, which they kept up till a quarter to five o'clock, when the Prince left Frogmore. His royal highness proved himself a first-rate skater and player, being as active with his hockey-stick as he was on his skates. The Princess of Wales, who is an excellent skater, seemed much interested in the game, and was occasionally driven about in a sledge. The Princess of Wales left Virginia Water at four o'clock. Independent of the royal visitors and suite, there were upwards of 500 people present, including a large number of ladies, who displayed much skill and elegance in the performance of several difficult figures."

The following further particulars are supplied by the Court papers:—

"It was intended that the confinement of her royal highness should take place at Marlborough House, and the Princess was to have left Frogmore for London in about a fortnight. For several days past the Princess had been slightly indisposed, and was suffering from catarrh and cold, and it is stated that Dr. Browne, of Windsor, who attended her royal highness, judging from the symptoms of the Princess, had anticipated that the interesting event might occur earlier than was anticipated. The Princess, however, had so far recovered from the indisposition under which she had been suffering as to feel no hesitation in being present at the skating party on the Virginia Water on Friday. On returning to Frogmore, her royal highness soon became so unwell that the Prince of Wales forwarded a telegram to the Queen at Osborne respecting the condition of her royal highness. The symptoms of an approaching birth continued to increase and the Prince deemed it advisable to despatch a messenger immediately, requesting the attendance of Dr. Browne, who arrived about seven o'clock in the evening of Friday, and at two minutes to nine o'clock, as the bulletins have already informed the country, her royal highness was safely delivered of a healthy prince. Messages were also sent for the medical men who were appointed to attend her royal highness, and for Sir George Grey, but the confinement had taken place before they could reach Frogmore. Dr. Sieveking, the physician to the Prince of Wales, was the first to arrive from London. He was followed by Dr. Farrer and Dr. Groom, and later by Sir Charles Locock. We believe that we are not unduly violating the sanctity of the domestic arrangements of their royal highnesses when we state that as the prince and princess were staying at Frogmore, and not at Marlborough House, no arrangements had been made for his reception. There was no nurse in attendance; but the maternal experience of the Countess of Macclesfield, the lady in waiting, was of inestimable value in extemporising such articles of comfort and clothing as were necessary for the young prince. The other ladies of the household were, of course, equally anxious to give every assistance in their power in this interesting emergency.

The following bulletin of the state of the Princess and the infant Prince was issued on Monday.

"Frogmore, Windsor, Jan. 11 (11.15 a.m.).

"Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has passed an excellent night, and is going on perfectly well.

"The infant Prince is also well.

"A. FARRER, M.D.

"E. H. SIEVEKING, M.D."

On Monday her Majesty the Queen again visited Frogmore House, and remained with the Princess until the evening, then returning to Windsor Castle.

The approaches to Frogmore were thronged during the day with the equipages of distinguished personages desirous of inquiring after the health of the Princess and royal infant. Amongst the names entered on the visitors' book were those of her Grace the Duchess of Wellington and Lady Augusta Stanley (wife of Dean Stanley). His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh sent a telegram to Windsor stating that he would visit Frogmore for the purpose of paying his congratulations to the Prince of Wales on this auspicious occasion. His highness was expected to arrive by the two p.m. train from Paddington, but did not come; and, after waiting at the Windsor Station of the Great Western Railway till the arrival of the next train, the royal carriage which had been sent to convey his highness to Frogmore returned. Dr. Jenner arrived from London at 2.40 p.m.

On Monday morning his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales went out shooting in the Great Park, Windsor, with a party of two guns. He was attended by Captain G. H. Grey, Esquerry in Waiting.

There were great rejoicings at Sandringham amongst the tenants of the Prince of Wales when the news of the birth of a Prince became generally known on Saturday last. In the neighbouring borough of King's Lynn, a special meeting of the corporation was held yesterday, presided over by the Mayor, at which the following addresses were voted:—

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

"We, the Mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the borough of King's Lynn, in common council assembled, beg leave most respectfully to approach your throne with an address of congratulation on the accouchement of the Princess of Wales, and to offer to your Majesty the assurance of our sincere participation in those feelings of joy which the birth of a Prince must have necessarily created within every breast, and excited throughout the kingdom the warmest sentiment of pleasure and satisfaction. We gratefully accept this opportunity to assure your Majesty of our unshaken loyalty and continued attachment to your throne and person.

"Given under our seal this 11th day of January, 1864."

"To His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales.

"We, the Mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the borough of King's Lynn, in common council assembled, beg to offer to your royal highness our most cordial congratulations on the birth of a Prince. An event so interesting must render your royal highness's domestic happiness complete, and assure to the people of this kingdom the continued enjoyment of those blessings which we have hitherto enjoyed, under Divine Providence, and which tend to secure the direct succession to the throne of these realms.

"It is our earnest prayer that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales may speedily be restored to health, and that a long and happy life be granted to the royal infant; and may your royal highness's descendants inherit the virtues of your family, and long continue to adorn this kingdom, and become the glory and happiness of a loving and free people.

"Given under our hand and seal this 11th day of January, 1864."

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
16	S	Hartley Colliery accident, 1862	...	7 6	7 30
17	S	Second Sunday after Epiphany	...	7 59	8 32
18	M	Old Twelfth Day	...	9 9	9 46
19	T	James Watt born	...	10 26	11 4
20	W	First English Parliament, 1265	...	11 43	
21	T	Execution of Louis XVI, 1793	...	0 16	0 44
22	F	Parliament at Oxford, 1641	...	1 10	1 33

## MORNING.

Isaiah 51; St. Matthew 15.

## AFTERNOON.

Isaiah 53; Romans 15.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and RETOLD'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a post wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their obscurity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

PANTOMIMES.—In answer to numerous inquiries as to which is the best pantomime, we candidly admit we cannot absolutely decide where all are so good. Probably, *Coven Garden* and the *Princess's* will have the longest run; the magnificence of the opening of the former and the splendid transformation scene of the latter (perhaps the best and most original ever produced), must become the talk of the town. *Looseleg*, at the *Princess's*, is, without doubt, the best harlequin of the day.

FAITH GOODWILL.—We know of no such institution.

TALENT.—To your first question, no; 2nd, The terms for lessons in writing vary. Some will undertake to perfect you, for a certain fee, in six, eight, or twelve lessons. Your writing is open to much improvement, and your questions are far from grammatically put.

R. N.—The Bank of England allows no interest on money deposited for security. It holds from nine to twelve millions sterling, without allowing interest thereon.

MUSICAL.—The first composer who set an opera to music was Francesco Caverani, an Italian artist. It was called the "Conversion of St. Paul," and was brought out in Rome in 1460.

S. R.—The Brighton Railway was opened on the 21st September 1841.

## NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

WAR is imminent in Europe. The English Channel fleet is expected to receive orders for the North Sea. Probably before the present month is over the hostile armies of Germany and Denmark may have met on the ground which is the object of Germany's ardent cupidity. From the beginning of these complications we have never felt much confidence in the power or, indeed, in the will of Prussia and Austria to control the warlike enthusiasm of the minor States. As soon as Federal execution by the troops of Germany was resolved upon it was evident that there could be but one end. The execution was left entirely to the Saxon and Hanoverian troops, and under their protection the Government of Holstein has been transferred from the King of Denmark to Prince Frederick of Augustenburg. The revolution is now complete; the prince is established at Kiel, and receives the allegiance of all whom his partisans can persuade or control. The Federal commissioners and the Prussian Government have acquiesced in these proceedings, and it is now, probably, beyond their power to unseat the prince, who will claim under the right of an accomplished revolution and the suffrages of a population alleged to be unanimous. But this is only the first act of the drama. The Germans have always united Schleswig and Holstein in their thoughts, and now, having torn the southern Duchy from the Danish monarchy, they will advance as speedily as possible to the conquest of the other. Within a very brief space of time the possession of Schleswig will probably be decided by arms. The Danes, at the urgent instances of England and Russia—of England especially—have withdrawn their army from Holstein, and thus allowed the Prince of Augustenburg to take possession of the country. That they did this most unwillingly and with the deepest humiliation, under the belief that they should obtain by it the support of foreign Powers against farther aggression, may be easily conceived. The Danish Government, seeing, probably, that it would be of no avail to make concessions to those who were determined on wresting the Duchies from it entirely, have rejected any further negotiations. Consequently the chances of an immediate campaign are now very great. The Germans, being very superior in numbers, will desire to push on and take the Danes before they are able to make good the line of defence between the town of Schleswig and the Treene, on which the latter now rely for enabling them to keep the Federal troops from overrunning the country. The Danish army is, however, active and well disciplined, and will doubtless not be driven from Schleswig without such a resistance as befits men whose cherished national rights have been invaded. The proposition of England is that the Powers which signed the Treaty of 1852 should meet again to consider these grave events, and that in the meantime Prussia and Austria should maintain the actual Government in Holstein.

SIR G. GREY has published his reasons for respiting the murderer Townley. A feeling of dissatisfaction has arisen for the most part under the impression that the respite of the prisoner has been granted by Sir George Grey in the exercise of his discretion. The public will, therefore, be startled to hear that (according to Sir George) he does not appear to have had any discretion at all in the matter. Neither the suggestion of the judge, nor the consequent

examination of the prisoner by the Lunacy Commissioners, has had anything to do with the matter. Sir George Grey has not had even to form a judgment upon the merits of the case. It appears that by an Act of Parliament, passed in 1840, it is enacted that whenever any person confined in any prison under sentence of transportation, imprisonment, or death shall be declared insane by two physicians or surgeons and two justices of the peace for the place wherein the prison is situate, it shall become the duty of the Secretary of State to send him to an asylum. The precise words, indeed, of the Act are, "it shall be lawful," but it is alleged that this is a regular legal term, implying an obligation, and not a permission. Sir George Grey says that "this is the construction that has been uniformly placed" upon the section in question. Now, as the public are aware, a certificate in the form required by the Act was duly expounded, and placed in the hands of Sir George Grey. Upon the receipt of that certificate, therefore, the whole question of Townley's fate was at once settled, independently of any other considerations whatever. The matter was taken out of the hands not only of the judge and jury, but of her Majesty and the Home Secretary, and there was nothing left to the authorities but to obey a plain direction in a recent Act of Parliament, and to order Townley's removal to a lunatic asylum. This is the pith of Sir G. Grey's lengthy letter to the Derbyshire magistrates, explaining the reason of Townley's respite. We give it for what it is worth.

## The Court.

All the footmen at Osborne have changed their sombre suits to scarlet liveries. The pages and druggers in immediate attendance on the Queen continue to wear black.—*Court Journal*.

About one o'clock on Saturday her Majesty the Queen and her royal highnesses Princess Helena and Beatrice, attended by Colonel T. M. Biddulph, Colonel the Hon. C. B. Fhipps, Lady Churchill, and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, arrived at the Windsor terminus of the Great Western Railway, having left Osborne at twenty minutes past nine in the morning. The royal party travelled in a special train from Gosport by the South-Western Railway to Basingstoke, and thence to Windsor, which was reached at 12.55, by the Great Western Railway. Here a large crowd of the principal inhabitants of the town, including the Mayor and other officials, was assembled on the platform, while the Prince of Wales drove from Frogmore, and waited at the station to receive his royal mother. As the train entered the terminus her Majesty was received with the most enthusiastic cheering, and the scene was quite an ovation. His royal highness, when the train paused, entered the State saloon and affectionately embraced his royal parent. On alighting from the train the royal party was received by Mr. Grierson, Mr. Kelley, and Mr. Matthews, of the Great Western Railway, and conducted to one of the royal carriages, which was in readiness outside the Queen's private entrance, and into which her Majesty and the Prince of Wales entered, and immediately drove through the town to Frogmore House, on a visit to the Princess of Wales, the princesses and suite leaving the station at the same time. Her Majesty was still in mourning, though the princesses wore only half-mourning, their bonnets being trimmed with blue. The Queen remained with the Princess of Wales at Frogmore the whole afternoon, till a late hour in the evening, and afterwards returned to the Castle. His royal highness the Prince of Wales seemed much pleased at the addition to his family.

At Oxford the event was welcomed on Saturday morning by merry peals, and the standard of England, to commemorate the welcome of the royal stranger, was unfurled, and still floats from the tower of the City Church.

At Birmingham the event was celebrated by ringing and "firing" the bells at St. Philip's Church. This was kept up at intervals throughout the day.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne on Saturday the bells of St. Nicholas, in that town, and St. Mary's, Gateshead, rang merry peals, the flag was hoisted on the old castle, and there were other rejoicings in the town and neighbourhood in honour of the birth of a Prince.

## CAPTURE OF BURGLARS.

At Wandsworth Police court, two young men, who gave the names of William Turner, and Henry Turner, living in Battersea, were charged before Mr. Ingham on suspicion of having committed a burglary at Egham on or about the 19th ult. They were also charged with having the following articles in their possession which were supposed to have been stolen, namely:—A new door-mat, a set of driving reins, a gun, saw, and a pair of cloth trousers in the possession of William, and in the possession of the other a gun, three saws, a new nose bag, a pistol, and other articles.

Inspector Lovelace, V. division, stated that he was employed yesterday in Battersea in making inquiries with reference to the commission of a number of robberies in the neighbourhood. He went to the house of William, at No. 2, Creek-street. On turning over the bed clothes he discovered the mat, and under the bed the reins. The saw was hanging up in the bed-room. The prisoner Henry came in at the time, and said he was William's brother. He told him he should take him into custody for being concerned with his brother in committing a number of robberies in Battersea. He then went to his lodgings, No. 4, Garden-cottages, Plough-lane and searched his place. Besides the property mentioned in the charge, he found a dairy fork, four shovels, and three picks.

Sergeant Heenan said he was employed with the last witness. He followed William from a pawnbroker's shop, and took him into custody with the trousers in his possession. He found a gun in the room of No. 2, Creek-street, and other things enumerated by the inspector. They went to Garden-cottages, and found a large bunch of keys, a dark lantern, a jemmy, a pair of eye-glasses, a pon-wiper, and a number of other things; also several rabbits, three of which have been identified, and a quantity of potatoes.

Mr. Ingham said there were thirty keys in the bunch. Police-constable Seymour identified one of the rabbits as his property, and which had been stolen, with another, from his premises on the morning of the 15th ult.

In answer to questions, the inspector said he had received information of much property having been stolen, and he wished to have time to make inquiries.

Mr. Ingham remanded the prisoners for a week.

We understand that Mr. John Paget, of the Middle Temple, who has had considerable experience in criminal business at the Liverpool Sessions and on the Northern Circuit, has been appointed a metropolitan police magistrate, in the room of Mr. Combe, deceased. Mr. Woolrych will succeed Mr. Combe at the Southwark Police Court, and Mr. Paget will take Mr. Woolrych's place at the Thames Police Court.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, innescent to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]



## THE CONDEMNED CONVICT WRIGHT.

On Monday a deputation of the residents of Lambeth waited upon the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, at the Home-office, for the purpose of presenting a memorial, adopted at a large meeting of working men, held on Saturday evening at the Lambeth Baths, praying for a commutation of the sentence of death on Samuel Wright, urging, among other reasons, that the present moment was the most fitting time for an act of royal clemency.

The deputation, consisting of Mr. Doulton, M.P., Mr. G. M. Murphy, and others, was followed by a procession of more than 200 working people, anxious to learn the result of the interview.

Mr. Doulton, M.P., was to have introduced the deputation, but owing to the short time since the memorial was adopted, they had been unable to get the Home Secretary to fix an hour for the meeting. Mr. Doulton, however, had a long interview with Sir George Grey, in the course of which Mr. Campbell Sleigh arrived, and the Home Secretary having expressed a desire to see him, he was admitted to his presence, where another long conference took place, at the expiration of which Mr. Doulton returned to the deputation and informed them that he feared their efforts had been fruitless. Sir George Grey regretted that he could not accede to their request.

This announcement, as might be expected, caused great disappointment among the members of the deputation and the numbers of people awaiting the result.

In the evening a monster meeting was held at the Lambeth Baths to receive the account of the result of the interview with Sir George Grey, and his answer to their memorial to him.

The Rev. Robert Spears, of Stamford-street Chapel, was called to the chair, in the absence of Mr. Doulton, M.P., who was waiting the arrival of Mr. G. M. Murphy from Windsor.

Mr. S. S. TAYLOR said a memorial had been presented to the Queen that day, the result of which he did not know, but he hoped it would be such a concession as would meet their views. (Cheers.) He would now move the adoption of a memorial to Sir George Grey, which he would read to them. He then read the memorial, setting forth that Wright pleaded guilty to a charge of murder, not knowing what he did, but that if he had had the opportunity of having counsel he would have pleaded not guilty to that crime, but guilty of the crime of manslaughter. That was the memorial they had to present to Sir George Grey that night, and he feared that would end their exertions to save the life of Wright; but they could show the Home Secretary and the Government that they would take no part in the death of the unfortunate man. (Cheers.)

Mr. THORNTON seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

Mr. Doulton, M.P., and Mr. Murphy here entered the room, and were received with great enthusiasm.

Mr. DOULTON then took the chair, and said his friend Mr. Murphy was always doing good, but more especially he had been so engaged on that day. He was sorry he could not hold out any hopes of success, but Mr. Murphy would state what they had done that day. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. MURPHY said, that after the memorial had been rejected on Saturday, they met in the evening and adopted another, which had been that day presented by their respected member and Mr. Campbell Sleigh. Sir George Grey received them kindly, but unfortunately their memorial was unavailing. Although Sir G. Grey exhibited much feeling he held out no hopes of acceding to the prayer. When he came back to the baths he found workmen holding a public meeting, and they received the news with sad groans and terrible feelings of disappointment. They then deputed him to go to Windsor to her Majesty with a memorial representing a meeting of 8,000 persons. He saw Colonel Phipps, and presented the memorial, but that gentleman said it was not customary for the Queen to advise her legal advisers. He spoke to Colonel Phipps of the unanimity of all classes on this subject, and even in the palace he found he found that there was as strong a feeling as among the public. He represented that if the law was carried out it would confirm the feeling that there was one law for the rich and another for the poor; but Sir Charles Phipps replied that Sir George Grey had done all he had done upon legal advice. He (Mr. Murphy) replied that he was right, for it was by the cleverness of legal advisers that Towley was now the inhabitant of a lunatic asylum instead of being hanged; whereas the man Wright had no friends and no money. Mr. Justice Blackburn had said that there were no extenuating circumstances in the case; but he had no opportunity of hearing them. Now, there was a possibility of inflexibility degenerating into cruelty, and where that was the case justice was not justice, but oppression. (Cheers.) He urged the matter all he could, and Sir Charles Phipps assured him that her Majesty could not recommend Sir George Grey to do what he had previously refused to do. Mr. Murphy then proposed that a deputation from the meeting, composed of their chairman, Mr. Doulton, Mr. Applegarth, Mr. Hill, and himself, should wait upon Sir George Grey with the memorial.

Mr. APPLEGARTH seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

The deputation proceeded to wait upon Sir George Grey, and during their absence many speeches were made in favour of Wright, and a subscription was opened in favour of his two daughters.

On the return of the deputation,

Mr. Doulton again took the chair, and

Mr. MURPHY proceeded to give an account of the interview with Sir George Grey. They went to his private house, and he agreed to meet them in a quarter of an hour, at the Home Office, and in less time than that he came and invited them into his room, and they remained with him until past ten o'clock. Every member of the deputation spoke, and Sir George Grey said that if there were any new facts that could be stated, they might open the case again. One of the deputation asked for a respite for ten days, so if there were any new facts to bring out they might produce them. Sir George Grey said his sympathy was with the deputation; but he was not there to act with sympathy, but to administer the law, which was above him. He gave the working men great credit for their observance of law and order, and he (Mr. Murphy) told Sir George Grey that although they were trying to get Wright from being hanged, it was not because they sympathized with his crime of murder, but it was in consequence of the hastiness of the trial and the fact that if he had been tried, and his case submitted to a jury, it would have resulted in a verdict of manslaughter. They referred to the case of Towley, and assured him that the public feeling was that there was one law for the rich and one for the poor. Sir George Grey replied that he had acted in strict accordance with the law in both cases, and the result could not be altered. Although he spoke to them for three-quarters of an hour he gave them no hopes, but as he was still receiving despatches from Windsor perhaps a respite might arrive for Wright.

A cordial vote of thanks to the chairman closed the meeting.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM.—At a meeting of the Town Council of Aberdeen, on Monday afternoon, Provost Anderson suggested that he should be authorized to communicate with the committee at present making arrangements for erecting a statue to the memory of Sir James Outram, pointing out the claims of Aberdeen to be the site of the monument, seeing that the "Bayard of India" had received his education in Aberdeen, and spent a good deal of his early days there. The proposal was seconded by the Dean of the Guild, and unanimously agreed to.

## THE EXECUTION OF WRIGHT.

At an early hour on Monday evening the people began to congregate in front of the gaol and in the public-houses in the vicinity of Horse-monger-lane Gaol, but as the night wore on they gradually dispersed, until towards three o'clock there were only a few stragglers to be seen. About this time the last of the barricades was erected, and every precaution was taken to prevent any disturbance. It had been reported to the prison authorities and the police that an attempt would be made to rescue Wright, and in consequence 500 of the reserves from the A, C, H, K, L, M, and P divisions were on the spot keeping the ground round the prison clear. The arrangements made by Mr. Superintendent Bradford were well carried out by his colleagues, Superintendents White, Bray, Payne, and Gibbs, and Inspectors Silverton, Fyfe, and Turpin. As the hour for the execution approached the crowd began to increase, but all maintained the utmost decorum. At times men were seen pervading the place with a flag, on which was printed in large letters "Man's Cry," and several religious extracts, while some of them read aloud from the Scriptures. After them followed a number of young men singing psalmes, the tunes of which were taken up by the populace.

As the hour of seven o'clock approached, the public-houses on each side of the gaol were cleared of their customers, and the doors and windows entirely closed, and at Mrs. Wrangham's, the Masons' Arms, a number of policemen took their station on the leads at the back and front of the house. When daylight began to break the morning was chilly, damp, and foggy; but as the sun rose, it became more cheerful, and it was then observed that nearly every private house opposite the gaol had all the blinds down, as close as if a person lay dead within. Very few of the windows were occupied, and they seemed to be the inhabitants of the houses. The gardens were kept clear by the police.

Great surprise was felt as the hour of execution arrived at finding that there were so few persons to witness the awful tragedy. Many had refused to stay, saying they would have no hand in the murder of Wright, and all felt that he was undergoing a penalty that ought to have been remitted. There were not on the whole more than 4,000 or 5,000 present, and being scattered round the avenues leading to the place of execution, there was no difficulty in walking about freely.

The unfortunate man slept soundly during the night, and rose about six o'clock. He was visited by the chaplain, who remained with him to the last.

Shortly before nine o'clock the governor of the gaol, Mr. Keen, the sheriffs, Calcraft, and other authorities, entered the cell and pinioned the culprit. They proceeded to the gallows, Wright walking under the drop with a firm step, followed by Calcraft, a warder, and the chaplain. He bowed to the crowd while the cap was put over his head and the rope adjusted round his neck. There were then loud shouts of "Shame," "Murder," "Disgraceful," "Townley," and other manifestations of displeasure on the part of the populace. Wright understood the feeling of sympathy in his favour, and several times bowed his acknowledgments, raising his hands spasmodically.

The fatal hour at length arrived, but there was some little delay before the doomed man ascended the scaffold. Since his condemnation he has behaved throughout with great decorum, and has seen the members of his family several times. The Rev. Mr. Jessop, the chaplain, has been unremitting in his attention to the unhappy man, and his ministrations have been received with the most happy results. Wright, it appears, was brought up a Roman Catholic at a place called Cossey, in Norfolk, and since he has been in prison, he has received a letter from the Roman Catholic priest of that place, asking him not to desert the faith in which he was educated. Mr. Jessop asked him if he would like to see the Rev. Dr. Doyle, a Catholic priest, but he was perfectly satisfied with the instruction he was receiving from the chaplain. He took the sacrament on Monday, at his own request.

At length the fatal bolt was withdrawn, and in a few moments the unhappy man was launched into eternity.

Wright saw his family and friends a few days ago, and took an affecting leave of them. He has also written two letters, of which the following are copies:

"Jan. 10, 1864, Horse-monger-lane Gaol.

"Dear Mother,—I feel it my duty to write a few lines to you before I leave this world, although it is under such painful circumstances. Although I have not written to you before, you know how I am situated. I never thought that I should add to your sorrow. Dear mother, I call you by that name, for you have been to me as one, and I may say I to you as a son. I received a kind and welcome letter from Mr. Hazemeth, and was glad to hear that my Cossey friends showed so much sympathy towards me. It is a great crime that I have committed, and I feel that Almighty God will forgive me, and then I hope to join them that's gone before me. Dear mother, it grieves me very much to think that my dear children will be left fatherless and motherless, but there's one above that has promised to be a father to the fatherless.

"Since I have been here I have been treated with the greatest kindness, and I am visited daily by the chaplain, from whom I feel great comfort. I have but a few hours longer to live on this earth, and they will be taken up with reading and prayer. Dear Polly is quite well, and I will leave you to judge my parent's care; I have seen them several times, but my dear mother does not know that I am condemned to die. I have had a great number of friends who have tried to save me from this end, and have failed; but, thank God, I feel quite prepared to meet it. Dear mother, I conclude with my kindest love to you and my dear daughter. May the blessing of God Almighty be upon you now and for ever. No more from your unfortunate son,

"Good-bye."

"SAMUEL WRIGHT."

"Jan. 11, 1864.

"Dear Mother,—I feel as if I must write a few lines before I leave this world, as Almighty God has given me strength so to do. Dear mother, although I am present here under a heavy crime, I feel as if the Almighty God had freely forgiven me, after all my sins. And what a blessing that is to think that your dear son feels so glorified—that he dies in peace with God, where I hope to meet them that are dear to us. I leave one with you, my dear child, in remembrance of me, and may the Almighty God give you health and strength to bring her up in the ways of the Lord. Dear mother, I feel as if I cannot last but a few hours longer, and now I again take a farewell of father, mother, sisters, and brother, and wishing the blessing of God Almighty may be upon you, now and for ever, amen.

"Father's blessing and a kiss for his child.

"SAMUEL WRIGHT."

He made a free confession of the whole of the shocking transaction. He said he could not exactly say how the murder originated, but it was something in this way: That he was asleep in bed, and that the woman came and took him by the waistcoat and said he should not lay sleeping there. Some words ensued, and she threatened to leave him and go with some other man with whom she had previously cohabited. Upon that he jumped out of bed, and as the razor with which he had recently shaved himself was lying on the table he took it up and out her throat. It was all the work of a moment. The father, the brother, and the brother's wife saw him for about an hour on Monday, and he has also seen his daughter, a little girl about four years old.

He was aware of the efforts that were being made out of doors to save his life, and appeared to feel very grateful to those who took so kind an interest in him. Mr. S. Gurney, M.P., and Mr. J. Phillips, one of the visiting justices, waited upon Mr. Justice Blackburn on Monday, and had an interview of about half an hour with

him, urging everything they could in Wright's favour, but he refused to accede to their request, and said the law must take its course. Mr. Ebsworth, a surgeon, of Newington, took a petition to her Majesty at Frogmore Lodge. While he was presenting the petition to Colonel Knollys her Majesty passed up the stairs, and he saw Colonel Knollys deliver it into the Queen's hands, but the answer he received to it was that the Queen could not undertake to advise her advisers.

## ROBBERY AT THE EXECUTION.

JOHN JONES and Richard Johnson, ruffianly looking young fellows, were placed at the bar of the Southwark Police-court, before Mr. Burcham, charged with picking pockets near Horse-monger-lane Gaol, and just prior to the execution of the unfortunate man, Samuel Wright.

William Cummings, a detective officer of the M division, said that about half-past six o'clock that morning he was on duty in plain clothes, in Horse-monger-lane, nearly opposite the gallows. There was at the time a dense mob of men, women, and children, waiting for the execution. He saw the prisoner, trying to get out of the crowd, when a gentleman came up, and called him to stop them, saying that they had robbed him. Witness accordingly took them into custody, and had some difficulty in conveying them to the station-house, owing to the dense crowd collected around him.

Mr. Burcham asked him what he took them into custody for?

Witness replied that the gentleman told him he had been robbed of his handkerchief, but was unable to attend that morning owing to pressing business in the City. There was, however, a person in court who witnessed the robbery.

James Walter Fisher, a commercial traveller, said that he was standing in the crowd about half-past eight that morning, waiting for the execution of Samuel Wright to take place. The prisoners were a little in front of him, and he saw them go behind a gentleman. Jones leant over his shoulder, and at the same time put his hand in his pocket and withdrew something, when they both left the spot. He did not see what he had taken, but as soon as they left he asked the gentleman whether he had lost anything. He put his hand to his pocket, and replied that he had. His handkerchief was gone. Witness then went after the prisoners, and pointed them out to the witness Cummings, who took them into custody.

Reed, 235 M, said he was on duty in the station-house when the prisoners were brought in. While Cummings was searching Jones he saw Johnson take something from his pocket and throw behind him. Witness picked it up, and found it to be a light-coloured silk pocket handkerchief.

Johnson here declared that he never had that handkerchief in his possession at all. The constable must have put it there himself.

Reed informed his worship that there were other constables who saw him throw it away.

Cummings said that the gentleman who had been robbed attended at the station-house to prefer the charge, and he identified it as his property. If the prisoners were remanded to another day he would be able to be in attendance.

Remanded till Friday.

## EXECUTION OF A BUBY POLICEMAN.

On Saturday morning, at twelve o'clock, Luke Charles, who was convicted at the recent South Lancashire assizes, before Mr. Justice Willes, of the wilful murder of his wife, suffered the extreme penalty of the law at the hands of Calcraft, the common hangman, on a gallows erected outside the walls of Kirkdale Gaol, Liverpool.

The prisoner throughout his confinement in the gaol paid the most devout attention to the exhortations of the Rev. Mr. Gibson, his spiritual adviser. He upon no occasion showed any marked depression, and always, whenever the subject of the murder was introduced, gave an equivocal reply. On Saturday week he inquired if he was at liberty to petition the Home Secretary to spare his life, and upon being answered in the affirmative, he drew up a short document, urging that he had been convicted upon purely circumstantial evidence; that great doubt was involved in the case, and that he was entitled to the benefit of that doubt. Subsequently memorials were signed in Manchester, Bury, and Liverpool, and forwarded to the Home Secretary, who, however, declined to interfere with the course of the law.

The prisoner, after being informed of the decision of the Home Secretary, manifested no particular disappointment, maintained in every respect his usual demeanour, that of resignation to his fate, and spending his time chiefly in devotional exercises. His brother, whom he had not seen for fourteen years, and who saw the account of his trial in the newspapers, visited him on Tuesday week, and the meeting is said to have been one of the most affecting nature.

Notwithstanding the intense frost, stragglers at twelve o'clock at night were seen wending their way towards the scene of the execution, and as the morning advanced and the rising sun more fully developed the sombre outline of the prison walls, hundreds of upturned faces were already gazing upon the hideous gibbet. As the morning wore on the hundreds became thousands, by whom an eagerness, much to be deplored, was manifested to witness the death-struggle of a fellow being.

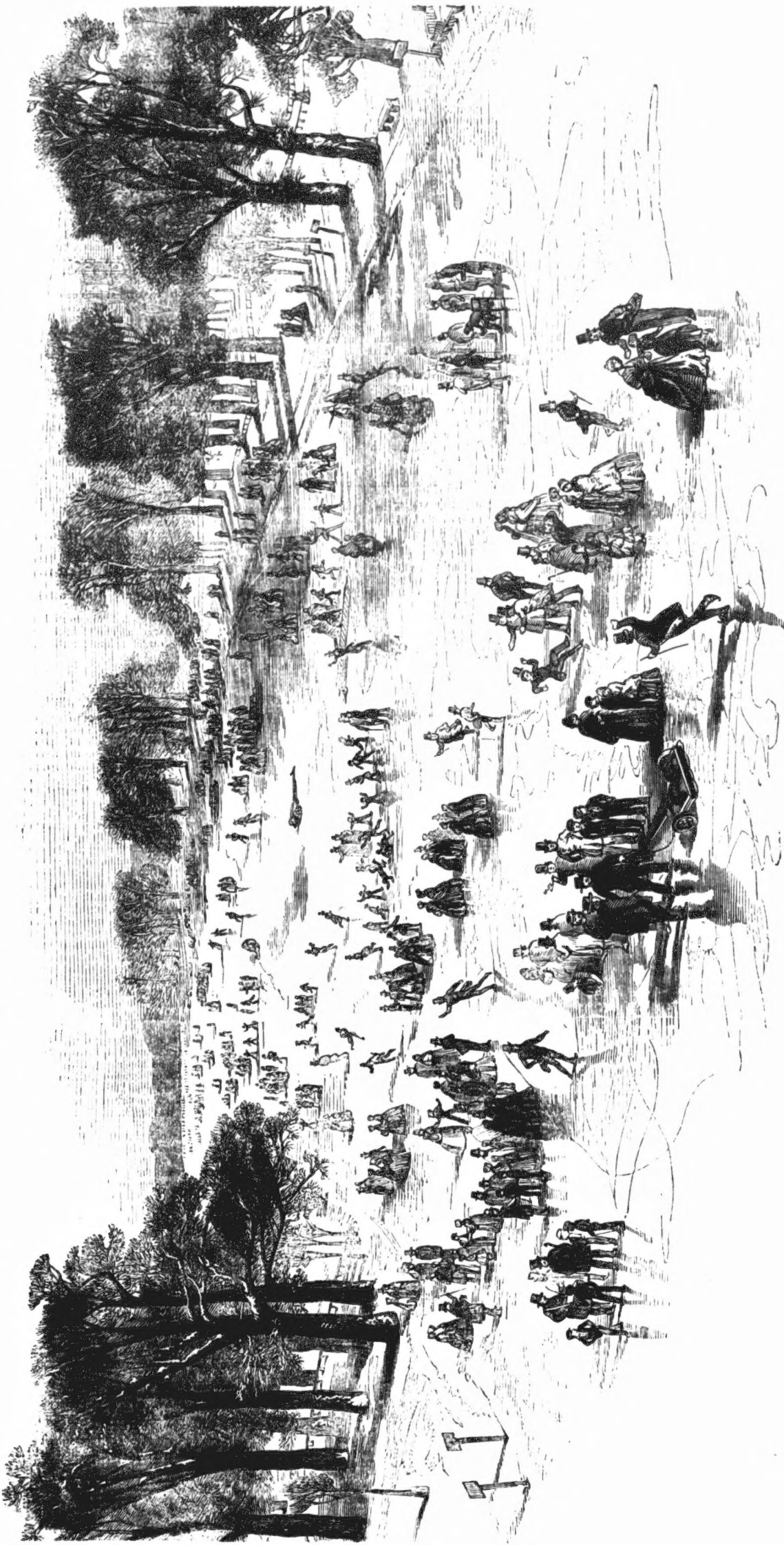
During the whole of the night the culprit was dreadfully dejected. He went to bed at ten o'clock, but never slept. He seemed restless and agitated, and continued in this state till five o'clock, when the Rev. Mr. Appleton, the chaplain of the prison, entered his cell, which appeared to afford the unhappy man great relief. He at once got up, and listened with the most devout attention to the exhortations of the rev. gentleman, joining audibly in prayer.

The chaplain administered the sacrament again Saturday, the culprit having joined in the holy rite twice on Tuesday. The culprit continued reading and praying at intervals throughout the morning, and shortly before twelve o'clock the governor of the gaol and the usual officials proceeded to the cell, where the executioner performed his allotted duty. A few minutes sufficed for this trying ordeal, which the culprit bore with comparative resignation, when the prison bell told that his last hour had approached. A moment afterwards the wretched man appeared on the gallows with a firm step, and at once placed himself under the drop. The cap and rope were then adjusted, and he was then launched into eternity, amidst the exclamations of horror from the assembled thousands.

THE colonelcy of the 98th Regiment of Foot has become vacant by the death of Major-General Robert Henry Wynyard, C.B., which took place on the 6th instant.

EXHIBITION CLOCK.—"The entire finish is of the highest class." *Daily News*, May 29, 1862. Clocks designed by the first artists of the day for the drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, library, hall, staircase, bracket, carriage, church, turret, railways, warehouse, counting-house, musical, and astronomical. Church and turret clocks specially estimated for. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Clocks (free by post for two stamps) with descriptions and prices, enables those who live in any part of the world to select a clock. Also, a short pamphlet on cathedral and public clocks, free for one stamp. Prize Medal and Honourable Mention, in Classes S3 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by Special Warrant of Appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement.]





#### SKATING ON THE SERPENTINE.

THE illustration represents a scene upon the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, during the recent frost.

From bank to bank it was one smooth, even sheet of ice, and presented all the appearance of a fair. While the surface of the ice was covered with skaters, sliders, and promenaders, dotted over it in all directions, ranged on each side along its banks were the tents and stalls of the itinerant vendors of peppermint drops, roasted chestnuts, spiced cakes, baked potatoes, hot coffee, and warm cordials, and parties letting out skates for 1s. 6d. an hour, the whole of whom appeared to be driving a brisk trade. The skating rings were very numerous, and many of the skaters displayed considerable dexterity. About four o'clock, on Friday, the 8th, a ladies' cross took place at one of these rings, where a large crowd was standing looking on at two gentlemen who were going through some scientific evolutions. All at once, owing, doubtless, to the great weight upon it, a sudden and loud cracking of the ice was heard, followed by the water bubbling up between the cravottes. A general more took place, and in the scramble to get away some dozens of people, male and female, were thrown down in a heap. Loud shouts were raised, and the lozenge came running from all points with their ladders and ropes, but fortunately the ice proved strong enough to resist the pressure upon it, and all got away safely. The gates of Hyde Park not being as is the case in the

Regent's Park and the St. James's Park enclosure, closed at any particular hour, the skating there was kept up until a late hour in the evening by the aid of lighted torches and fires on the banks. There were at least 20,000 persons on the ice at one period during one day.

#### A WINTER SCENE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

LONDON has again presented its wonted wintry aspect. Its cold and gloomy fogs, its intense white frosts, which, in the early morning, presented all the appearance of snow. The sides of the houses, the shutters of shops, the window ledges, the roofs, all thickly coated with white, crisp hoar. Any one who has threaded the narrow and busy streets in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate or the East End will readily recognise our illustration on page 489 of a "Winter Scene in the Streets of London." The poor old crumpled-up dame with her rosette chain is found at every corner or station where a lodgment by the kerb-side can be effected. The perambulating hot baked potato merchant, with his steaming, shining can; the poor little wretches, or as they are often termed, the "London Arabs," crouched down in their thin rags to get a little warmth even from the fire of the potato can. What a luxury to them is one of those earthy potatoes with its rancid butter! Early in the morning is seen the ragged boy with broom, doffing his tattered cap to every respectable party, perchance going home from a ball, in hopes

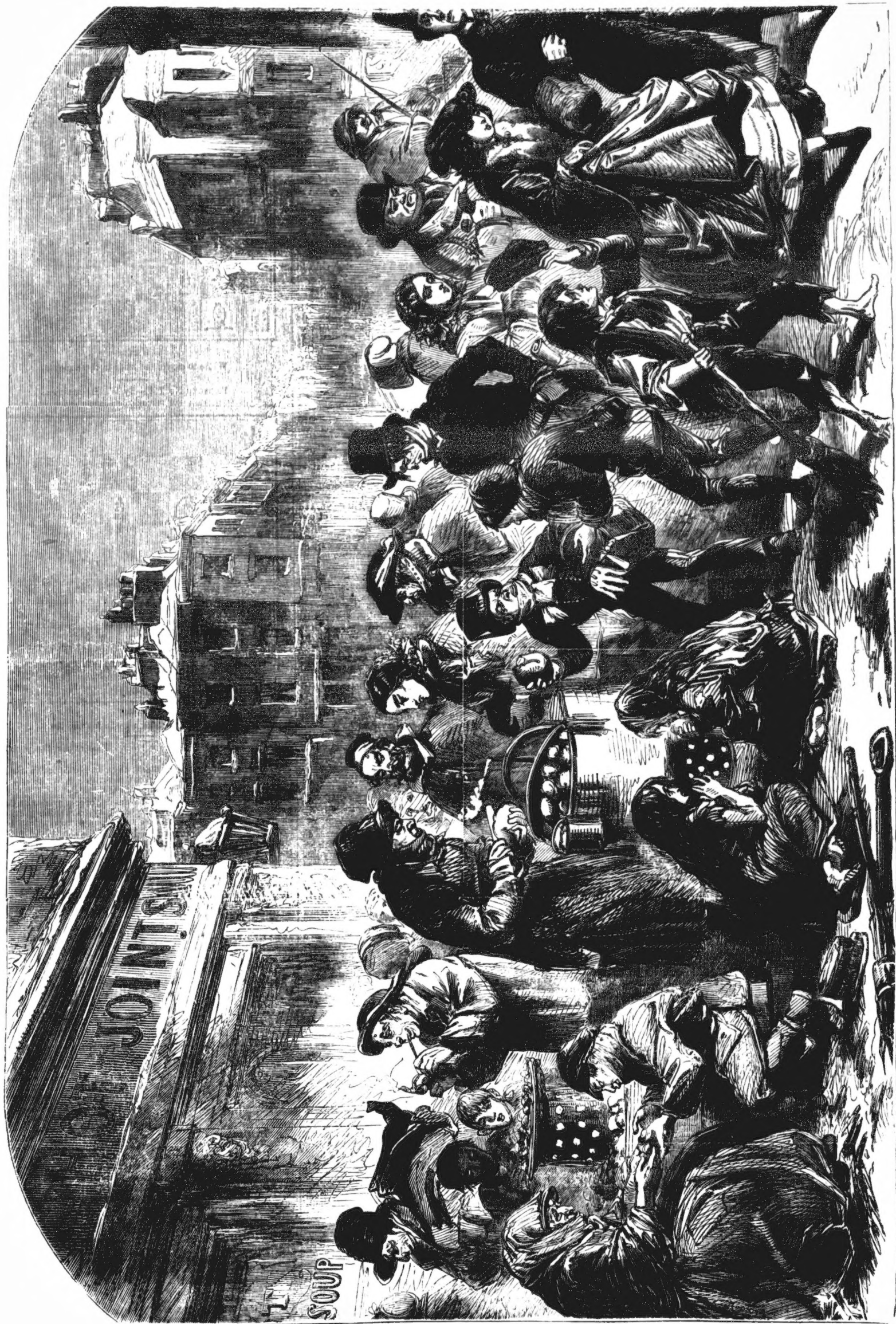
to get a copper to stay the pangs of hunger, unmistakably depicted on those wan features. How graphically has our artist drawn that shivering charity-boy, pleading in vain to the avaricious doctor's boy for a small portion of baked potato! We can well imagine the reply, from those greedy, selfish looks. That steady one, too, with battered hat and uncombed hair, looking as if he had spent the night in some low tap-room, now endeavouring to find a stray coin to luxuriate in a morning's meal. But there, our illustration speaks for itself. We have only to look upon it, and all that we can say will already have been imagined.

#### AN IMPERIAL SKATING SCENE.

NEAR the bridge of Suresne, and not far from the villa of the Prefect of the Seine, is a smooth pond, so shallow as not to wet one above the knee, should any misadventure happen, and upon which, some two or three times ago, when a short frost set in, the Emperor and Empress went for amusement. Thither the other day the laughing party resorted, having been summoned, in fact, by an imperial invitation; they were soon joined by the Emperor, the Empress, and Prince Imperial, together with a few favoured intimates. The whole party were costumed (for that is the only word which can properly be applied) for the occasion, many of the ladies wearing a tasteful sort of velvet short dress or

Polonaise, not reaching as far as the ankles, and which, in several cases, were trimmed with magnificent sable fur. Collars, cuffs, and small muffs, attached by a cord round the neck, of the same costly fur, corresponded with the trimming on the skirt. The Empress herself wore this style of costume, with which Polish boots, edged with fur and tassels, stowed off her small and well-formed feet and ankles. A velvet cap, edged with shibbole, and having an *astride*, fastened with a diamond stud on one side, was coquettishly placed on her head. Next to the Empress, Mrs. Moulton was the person who best carried off this stylish dress, and so his Majesty appeared to think when he took her hand in his, and performed with the fair songstress, who delighted all ears last winter, some of the most difficult passes or figures known to accomplished skaters. The Emperor skates well, though he is growing rather too stout for this amusement, and evidently does it with ease and enjoyment, while the Empress, who seems very desirous of excelling, is a very timid skater. A species of chair-sledge, of an elegant form, was standing by for her Majesty's use when she should require rest, but this she for a long time refused to avail herself of, the Emperor gallantly wheeling about in it the lady he had last been skating with. A bonfire had been made close by the edge of the water, to which, from time to time, some of the party rushed, and then began the sport anew with redoubled vigour.





WINTER SCENE IN LONDON.



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**DRURY LANE.**—On Saturday evening last, a new drama by Mr. Edmund Falconer, was produced at this, our national theatre. It is entitled "Night and Morn," but the plot is so intricate, and the principal features of such an improbable nature, that to predict a success is out of the question. There is all the materials for a drama of interest; and probably, now that it has been played in the present form, Mr. Falconer may deem it wise to re-construct the plot. There is scarcely a character shining out with sufficient force to attract but a passing attention; although, it must be admitted, Mr. Phelps, as Julian di Vivendi, did his utmost to impart, not only vigour, but considerable humour, to his part. He, of course, is the hero of the drama, and, on his appearance, was warmly received. We might briefly say that, in early life, he, as a page, had been secretly married to one above his station, and no sooner was the marriage ceremony over than he had been, as a punishment for aspiring so high, betrayed and conveyed to a dungeon, where he had remained for twenty years. In the meantime, his wife, presuming him to be in exile, and had probably formed another alliance, had married again. This lady now appears as the Duchess of Ferrara (Miss Atkinson), proud and haughty, whose daughter, the Princess Olympia (Miss Heath), is also, like her mother twenty years previous, in love with a young page. He, in like manner, is punished for his aspirations by a few days' incarceration in the dungeon, where he discovers Julian, and by the aid of the Princess, he is freed of his fetters, and is again set at liberty. Preparations are made for the secret marriage of the young couple, when Julian discovers in the Monk (Mr. Ryder) the same man who had united him in a similar manner years before. He determines to save the young love from a similar fate to his own, obtains an interview with the Duchess, and, as his betrayer has returned from Naples, where he had assumed the name and title of the imprisoned Julian, he is enabled to overthrow his enemy, and acknowledge himself as the legitimate successor to the duchy. Before matters are wound up in the usual friendly manner, he stipulates that the Princess Olympia should follow her own inclination as to the choice of a husband, which, as a matter of course, she does. These are the leading incidents of the plot; and, from the too hasty manner, perhaps, in which Mr. Falconer has constructed it, it certainly is not worthy of the author, who is capable of better things. Miss Atkinson, as the imperious and commanding Duchess; Miss Heath, as the loving young Princess; and the other characters were all as efficiently sustained as the comparatively small parts would admit; and although Mr. Falconer was called for at the end of the drama, we should say it was more out of respect and kindness than a real tribute to merit. We need scarcely add that the gorgeous pantomime attracts crowded audiences every night, and is likely to do so for some time.

**PRINCESS'S.**—A new comedy, or rather an adaptation from the Spanish, was produced here on Monday last, under the title of "Donna Diana." Its author is Mr. Westland Marston, and none better than him could have skillfully or poetically worked out the adaptation to suit the English stage. The plot may be thus briefly sketched:—Donna Diana, daughter to the Duke of Barcelona, has forsworn love, and devotes herself to the study of philosophy. She is wooed by three suitors. Of these, two seek by every means to win her favour, but in vain; the third conceals his passion behind the mask of indifference, and endeavours to overcome scorn by scorn. Diana's vanity is hurt by the coldness of Don Cesar, and resolves to lead him to believe that she is in love with him, in order to be able to heap contempt and contumely on the presumptuous man. Don Cesar, in an unguarded moment, falls into the snare elaborately laid for him, and confesses to her his passion. Now is the time for Diana's revenge, and she accordingly showers upon him the full torrent of her scorn; but Cesar, perceiving the effects of his madness, recovers his presence of mind, and turns the tables on the Princess by maintaining that he also was in joke. Diana's pride is wounded by this, and her ardent endeavours to conquer the Princess's stubborn will gradually awaken her to real love. She makes use of every expedient to engage Don Cesar's affections, but he persistently maintains his assumed indifference. When every other device has been tried, the lady works upon his jealousy, and declares her intention of marrying the cousin of Don Cesar. In pronouncing the fatal words which seal the contract, she falters, and, her pride now conquered, the moral of the piece has been worked out, and the curtain falls on the betrothal of the reconciled pair. Mrs. Hermann Vezin, as Donna Diana, displayed the utmost genuine feeling throughout her arduous part, more particularly in the last act. Mr. Herbert Vezin, too, played with considerable spirit and effect, and drew forth well-merited applause. Mr. George Vining, as Cesar, was especially lively. He appeared the very life of the comedy, and should it realise a success—for a first night's performance is not always a criterion—then Mr. George Vining, the ever active and indefatigable manager, will have to be thanked for his share in bringing about so gratifying a consummation. Mr. Westland Marston was loudly called for, and bowed his acknowledgments from a private box. We cannot let the opportunity pass without again calling attention to the pantomime and its wondrous and beautiful transformation scene. To say that the audience was enraptured at its gradual development is to say little. We strongly advise all to witness it for themselves.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews appeared at this elegant theatre on Monday evening last, and were received, by a crowded and fashionable audience, in a most enthusiastic manner. That most amusing comedy, "The Adventures of a Love-Letter," was produced for their opening piece, the same having been compressed into two acts. Both Mr. Mathews and his wife kept the audience in the highest state of enjoyment; and, perhaps, still more so in his world-renowned farce of "Cool as a Cucumber," which followed. Added to this, Mr. Byron's comic and pointed extravaganza of "The Sensations of the Fast Season," such a night's real entertainment may be found here not easily to be surpassed.

**STRAND.**—An amusing trifle, by Mr. Hancock, called "Margate Sands," was produced here on Monday evening last, the various situations, although by no means new, calling forth no inconsiderable amount of laughter. Two visitors to Margate have taken up their quarters there from very different motives, but both enter bathing-machines at the same moment with the same object; namely, to kill time whilst they are awaiting the arrival of two females they are expecting. One is Mr. Adolphus Pickington, an erratic husband, who, tired of enjoying himself alone, has written for his young wife Araminta; the other is Mr. Carnation Curly-crop, a Pimlico hairdresser, who has advertised for a wife and made an assignation on the pier for one of his correspondents, who has adopted the signature of "B. B." and whose credentials are contained in the *carte de visite* which has accompanied her reply. The bathers, on emerging from the water, enter the wrong machine, and attire themselves in each other's garments. The result is, that Miss Barbara Backstitch, who has responded to the matrimonial advertisement with her own initials, but her younger sister's photograph, mistakes the expectant husband for the speculative hairdresser, whilst the anxious Araminta, made the witness of their loving meeting, revenges herself by coquetting with the individual who has assumed the disproportionate clothes of the unjustly-suspected spouse. The grotesque appearance of two figures, clad in trousers respectively too long and too short, excited considerable merriment; and the curtain, after the easy explanation of the mutual blunders com-

mitted, came down amidst unmingled applause. Mr. Belford, as the helpless victim of his wife's suspicions; Miss Kate Carson, as his youthful and indignant partner; and Mr. Wood, as the Pimlico hairdresser, briskly kept up the drollery of the scene; as did also Miss Maria Simpson. Mr. H. J. Byron's classical extravaganzas of "Orpheus and Eurydice" continues to be highly attractive.

The Pantomimes are still enjoying a glorious run at the different establishments; and we must here again reiterate that, taken as a whole, they have never been surpassed. One or two may have previously shone out in wondrous grandeur; but this year they all display an amount of brilliancy which fills us with wonder as to whether they could possibly be excelled.

**ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.**—The Opera di Camera, "Jessey Lea," by Messrs. Oxenford and Macfarren, will, after a limited number of representations, give place to Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's new Egyptian Entertainment, written by Shirley Brooks, and in which Mr. John Parry is announced to appear. The great success, however, of the opera, which is one of Mr. Macfarren's freshest and most melodious compositions, has suggested a return to the Gallery (after a tour which will be immediately commenced) on those mornings that are not devoted to the forthcoming novelty. Report speaks highly of Mr. Shirley Brooks's work. The design of the piece we hear is novel, and the situations are highly humorous and effective. The scenery has been painted by Mr. William Telbig.

## A NAVAL LIEUTENANT TRIED FOR DRUNKENNESS.

A COURT-MARTIAL assembled on board the Victory, flag ship, to try Lieutenant Frederick Warren Ingfield, of her Majesty's ship Tamar, now at Plymouth, on the following charge:—"For that he, being in actual service and full pay in her Majesty's fleet, and lieutenant on board her Majesty's ship Tamar, was guilty of conduct unbecoming the character of an officer, by drinking intoxicating liquor to such an excess, between November 12 and December 9, as to produce illness, by which he was incapacitated from performing his duty on the 10th December, 1863." The court comprised Captain John Secombe, of the Duke of Wellington, president; Captain Hise, Orontes; Captain Gibson, Duncan; Commander Phelps, Victory; and Commander Curme, Adventure. Captain Stirling, of the Tamar, prosecuted; and Mr. E. Hoskins officiated as judge-advocate. It appears that about half-past eleven o'clock on the morning of December 9 the prisoner had charge of the morning watch. The ship was on her passage from the eastward to Spithead, and while off Brighton, the wind was blowing fresh and the ship was heaving considerably, in consequence of which prisoner accidentally slipped down and struck his head against a ventilator, which caused a wound to the right upper eyelid, and a contusion of the right cheek. He was sent to bed, and on the ship's arrival at Spithead, he was transferred to Haslar Hospital, the doctor's report being that he was suffering from *delirium tremens*. Witnesses were called as to prisoner's condition at the time he accidentally fell down, and they all agreed that he was perfectly sober, and capable of discharging his duty. It was not proved that he had partaken of intoxicating liquors between the dates referred to, except upon one occasion, when it was stated that, after having dined with a friend at Sheerness, he came off rather the worse for liquor. The prisoner, having been sent to Haslar, it became necessary, according to the rules of the service, that a report should be forwarded to the commander in chief as to the prisoner's condition, and also as to his malady. The report was sent, stating that the prisoner was suffering from *delirium tremens*, and the result was that the captain of prisoner's ship was called upon to give a special report. A court-martial was then ordered, the charge extending over a considerable period, as will be seen by the above dates. The defence was that the prisoner, who is only twenty-eight years of age, had served on the South-American Station, in China, and in the Gulf of Pechell. He had been subjected to extreme changes of climate, from intense heat to extreme cold. This caused a degree of tremor, which might be mistaken for *delirium tremens*. He produced thirteen certificates as to character, all of which spoke of him in the highest terms as a sober, zealous young officer, since 1849. One of these certificates was from Captain Fellowes, and was to the effect that he (Captain Fellowes) should consider himself fortunate in again having so promising a young officer to serve under him. None of the witnesses had proved that the accident had resulted from drink, but on the contrary. The slightest thing would cause extreme nervousness and tremor. He regretted having partaken somewhat too freely on the occasion referred to, while the ship was at Sheerness. The defence was a lengthy document, which was read by prisoner's "friend," Mr. Field. The court, after deliberating, acquitted the prisoner.

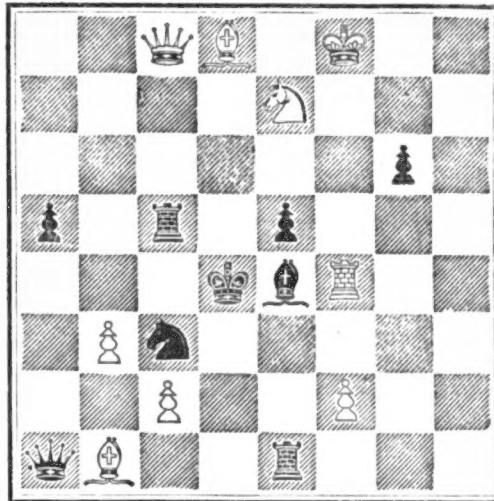
**A DANGEROUS LUNATIC.**—An attempt at murder was made in Carlisle by a man named Moffat, a tailor. He was sitting with his family at dinner in the middle of the day, when, apparently yielding to some uncontrollable impulse, he seized a knife, and rushed at his mother-in-law, an old woman, some eighty years of age, who resides with him. Fortunately he was prevented from wounding her by the intervention of his two sons, one of whom was severely cut in attempting to wrest the knife from his father's hands. When the man's reason returned, and he was told what had occurred, he said it was like a dream to him. The unhappy man had on a previous occasion been confined in a lunatic asylum, and it is supposed that his mind had again become deranged by the circumstance that last week his wife died suddenly, and a rumour (which turned out to be groundless) that she had been poisoned having reached the coroner, an inquest was held upon the body. The man was removed to the county lunatic asylum.

**EXTRAORDINARY ELOPEMENT.**—One day last week Mrs. Emma Goodwin, of Noble county, Ohio, started from her home to go to Pennsylvania, to visit some relatives who reside in Greene county, in that State, leaving her husband and two small children, aged respectively about five and seven years, and hired a girl, at home, "to keep house." Her husband amply provided her with funds to pay her way before her departure. About the same time, Mr. George Taylor, who resides in the same neighbourhood, and who was able to rejoice in the possession of a handsome wife and two intelligent little "pledges of affection," started West "on business," but somehow or other he took the wrong road, and arrived in Wheeling about the same time with Mrs. Emma Goodwin. They remained at one of our hotels over night, passing as a man and wife, and the next morning took the Pittsburg train. It seems that, after two or three days' travel, they brought up at Cleveland. Arriving just before meal time, after a hastily prepared toilet, they passed to the dining-room, and were seated near the head of the table—Mrs. Emma immediately opposite her husband, and Mr. Taylor immediately opposite his wife. It seems that a day or two after Mrs. Goodwin left home Mr. Goodwin took it into his head to attempt to seduce Mrs. Taylor from her "sacred allegiance to her lord," and induces her to elope with him in her husband's absence, in which it seems he had but little trouble in succeeding, neither of them ever dreaming that their companions were just then committing like acts of adultery. The scene that ensued after the mutual recognition at the Cleveland dinner-table was neither tragic nor ridiculous, as might be imagined; but, like philosophical people who found themselves in a "very bad spell" would do, they quietly, and as if moved by some secret understanding, withdrew to a private room, where they arranged that each man should take his own wife, and go back to their homes and children, and try and live wiser and better men and women in the future.—*Wheeling Register*, Dec. 28.

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 153.—By H. E. KIDSON, Esq.

Black.

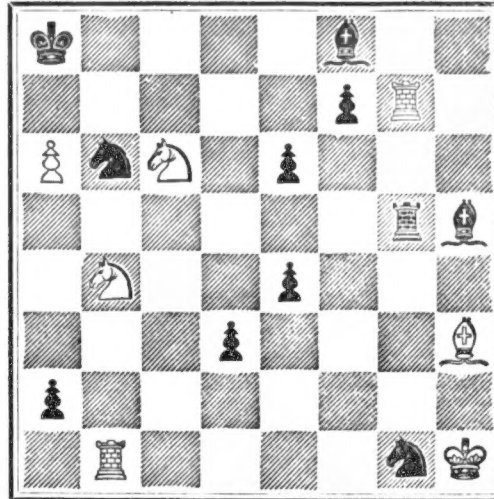


White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 154.—By W. HINCHLIFFE.

White.



Black.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

G. F.—Your solutions are correct. Thanks for the problems two of them are selected for publication.

T. MARTIN (St. Peter's).—Black, in your problem, can certainly take the Rook at his 3rd move; but nevertheless, White can mate in two more moves, commencing with Q takes P.

AN ASPIRANT.—If the King be not in check, you may Castle, notwithstanding that the royal pieces may have been previously checked.

J. WILSON.—Your proposed variation in the solution of Problem No. 96 is not possible, as the Pawn on Q 3 can open check upon the White King.

J. H. PARKINS.—No apologies are necessary. It will always give us pleasure to afford you any information that you may require. Solution of problem correct. Your address is somewhat illegibly written, and we have some doubt whether our private note will reach you; if it does not, please write again, giving your address on a stamped envelope. The problem to which you allude was composed by the late J. B. of Bridport, and appeared, some years ago, without any solution. The solution is very difficult, and you will be well repaid if you succeed in mastering it.

## Sporting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE interruption occasioned by the frost in the various training localities has, as would have been anticipated, had a corresponding effect upon the betting at the "corner." The favorable change, however, that took place on Saturday last, and which gives promise of a continuance, had the effect of attracting a more than average attendance of the bookmakers, who appeared fully prepared to commence an early campaign; but from the paucity of backers, and the uncertainty prevailing on all sides as to the health of the stables, the business transacted, although ranging over a somewhat lengthy list of animals, was almost entirely confined to Paris, Forager, Historian, and Birch Broom, who were respectively supported to win some money. Of the others enumerated, we should say Claremont and Apennine gave most evidence of seeing a better day. The following may be accepted as a correct return of the betting and the market value of those named:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—5 to 1 agst Baron F. Lagrange's Fille de l'Air (t and off); 6 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t and off); 7 to 1 agst Captain J. White's Cambuscan (t and off).

DERBY.—12 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off); 12 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t and off); 16 to 1 agst Mr. l'Aumon's Blair Athol (t); 100 to 6 agst Lord St. Vincent's Forager (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Coastguard (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. J. Osborne's Prince Arthur (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. F. Higgins's Coup d'Etat (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. T. Johnston's Historian (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Claremont (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Apennine (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Cartwright's Ely (t and off); 2,000 to 70 agst Lord Westmoreland's Birch Broom (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Oates's King John (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Naylor's Fitz-Adine (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. G. Bryan's Horse Marine (t).



**POLICE COURTS**  
**GENEPOOL**

prisoner. Alderman Waterlow said the applicant knew where to find him now. (A laugh.) The prisoner was then removed from the bar.

## CLERKENWELL.

RUNNING AWAY WITH A MAN'S WIFE AND PROPERTY.—A strong, powerfully-built man, who gave the name of Charles Mashever, and described himself as a boatman, residing at 202, Great King-street, Birmingham, and who, it was stated, is the captain of the barge *Lovely Polly*, was charged with having in his possession a rug, the property of George Bates, of 3, New Charlotte-street, City-road, printer. The complainant said it was not much the rug he cared about as he did about his other property, and his dearlost wife. Mr. D'Eyncourt: What has your wife got to do with the prisoner? Complainant: The prisoner is a bad man, although I never met him until last night. (A laugh.) He has taken away my wife and one of my children, and has got them at his home in Birmingham. I went and saw the prisoner on his barge, where I saw the rug produced, and well as I could I said it was my property. I asked him how he became possessed of them, and he said he had taken them to him. I am quite distressed and broken-hearted about my poor wife, and I should like to have her come to live comfortably and happily with me. Mr. D'Eyncourt: How long has the prisoner been acquainted with your wife? The complainant: I am not quite certain, sir, for he is a bad man. (A laugh.) He was an in-patient in St. Thomas's Hospital, where my wife was a nurse, and there it was that they made matters up. It was done without my sanction or consent. My wife has taken everything away from me. The prisoner: It is true that his wife gave the rugs to me, but she told me they were hers, and that her husband had deserted her, and left her and her family in the greatest misery and distress; and it was not till he had been away for some time that she heard where he was, and then she could not get near him. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Is it true that you went away, as the prisoner declares? Complainant: Not a bit—*I was away*; but when I came back I did not expect to find my wife and child gone. The prisoner: My wife took all the goods out of the prisoner's bag. The prisoner: Why don't you speak the truth? You know you are a convicted thief, and that you have only just come out of prison. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Is that so? The complainant: Yes, I have just come out of Holloway Prison. I was sent there for robbing my employers in Newgate-street. Mr. D'Eyncourt said it was not a case he should send for trial, and he discharged the prisoner.

A RUSSIAN HUSBAND—Henry Tippitt, a journeyman painter, residing at 2, Gloucester-square, Whitecross-street, was brought up in the custody of a Police-constable James Hughameson, 163 G, one of the warrant officers of the court, charged with wilfully assaulting Georgina Tippitt, his wife, a Cockney, for breaking her jaw. The complainant, whose head was enveloped in surgical bandages, said that on the 1st inst the defendant came home and said he should like some pork for his dinner. She gave him some money and he brought back some pork, which he said weighed so much. She said she did not think there was as much as he said, and took it to a neighbour's shop to see what it did weigh. While there the defendant came in and struck her a violent blow in the face and told her to leave the shop. She was about to do so when the defendant seized her and struck her three violent blows in the face. One of the blows was given with such force that it not only knocked her down, but broke her upper jaw, knocked out two of her teeth, caused her to fall on the floor very heavily, and rendered her insensible. After that she was taken to the hospital, and it was found necessary to fasten up her jaw with wires. Her husband was a very violent man, and had often ill-used her. Ten years ago he ill-used her because she would not leave her home to allow him to bring home a young woman to live with him whom he picked up in the streets. Only two months since he grossly ill-used her, and he had twice attempted to strangle her. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Does he keep you and the family? Complainant: He does very little work, and what he does earn he spends in drink, and he does not support him and the children. Mrs. Green said that the complainant came into her shop and the defendant followed her and struck her several violent blows in the face and broke her jaw. He was a very violent drunken man, and had before assaulted his wife. The defendant said that he would not deny assaulting his wife but she was always finding fault and grumbling at him. Police-constable Hughameson, 163 G, said the prisoner was a violent man, and had before been charged with assaults. Mr. D'Eyncourt said this was a very terrible assault, without any provocation. The defendant appeared to have no control over his temper, and there was nothing to justify the extreme violence used. He should sentence the prisoner to six months' hard labour in the House of Correction under the Aggravated Assaults' Act, and at the expiration of that period to find two sureties to keep the peace for six months longer. The defendant, who treated the matter with the greatest indifference, was then removed.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET

A FOOTMAN AMONG SHARPERS.—Four men, who gave the names of Charles Wilmot, of Wormley, near Bristol, egg merchant; John Mills, Theiford, farmer; George Towers, 50, Hookham-street, Horton, Jeweller; and Henry Francis, of 12, Pond-place, Fulham-road, servant, were charged before Mr Tyrwhitt with defrauding Wm. Loynes, footman, at 7, Seamore-place, Mayfair, of the sum of £10 15s., at the Old Carved Lion public-house, South-street, St. James's. William Loynes, footman at Lady Grey, said: On Saturday afternoon I was on my way home from the Serpentine, where I had been skating, when Francis asked me to oblige him with a light if I did so, and he appeared very grateful, and then spoke about the ice, and afterwards asked me to take a glass with him. I refused at first, saying that I was a servant, and was going home to tea. Francis then said he was also a servant in the Marchioness of Londonderry's family, and I then went with him the Carved Lion public-house, in South-street, and he asked me there more than a minute when Mills came in, and I pretended he was a farmer from the country. Tyrwhitt: I am glad to hear that. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Had he a job in London? Francis: No, he had just died? (Laughter.) Loynes: He said he had £300, and that he had given a man who had asked him about London £1 to get changed, but after waiting at the corner of a street for an hour the man had not come back, and therefore he had come in to get a warm. Mills then asked Francis to take a glass, but Francis said that he did not wish to impose on good nature, and would toast him for a glass. They then tossed, I being the referee. Mills won, and they then commenced betting, and at this time I found Wilmot in the room, and he joined in the betting. They then spoke about my Albert chain, Mills saying it was not gold but brass. Francis and Wilmot then bet a sovereign to Mills' sovereign about the chain. I was told to pledge it to see, and if gold Francis and Wilmot said I should have the money. I went to a pawnbroker's in Gilbert-street, and pledged the chain for £1 15s. and showed Wilmot, who was sitting outside, the ticket on which the chain was described as gold. On going back to the house, and showing the ticket to the others, Francis and Towers, who had not spoken before, got up and said they were a dissipated person, and that it was a waste of time. They then all commenced betting, and as Francis told me I was bound to win, I risked my £1 15s. and lost. Towers then persuaded me to go and get more money, and I did so (£8 10s.) and went back and then lost that too. Wilmot then left the house with me and tried to get away, but having an idea then that I had been amongst sharpers I stuck to him, and on his jumping into a cab I also jumped in after him, and told the driver of the cab to drive to the station. I afterwards charged him with defrauding me, but he wanted to charge me. I afterwards, in consequence of information I gave the police, went to Vine-street, and saw the others, and they offered to give me my money back. But he had then got my money upon them. All I want is my money back. By Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, I appeared for all the prisoners but Mills: I was to have a share in the winnings. They often said that "They had a bit in Mills' (the farmer, and that I should share in the winnings." I said "Head or Tail," and the farmer was to toss. I signalled twice to the others what Mills put down—whether "head" or "tail," and I was to share the winnings. I expected my money back and a share of what they won of Mills. This was after I fetched the £3 10s. By Mr. Lewis, jun. (for Mills): It was either a halfpenny or a penny thrown up. I only saw on two occasions whether it was "head or tail" I did not toss, I betted, and would have won if I could and taken the money. I made no complaint when I lost the £1 15s. 10d., because I was told I should win it back. I then went for more. I deposited £8 with Francis, and the others got something to Francis, apparently an equal amount. I could not make out how they were tossing, but I lost my money, and Francis told me they tossed so Mills. There was lots of cheating going on. Evidence of the taxing of the prisoners into custody having been given by Messrs. Hornblow, 24 B, Mr. Lewis addressed the magistrate for his clients. Mr Tyrwhitt said the question was, whether they were not guilty of conspiring to defraud, and he should remand them till his inquiries might be made respecting them. The prisoners, Henry Francis, George Towers, and Charles Wilmot, were remanded, and bail refused.

## MAYLEBONE

A MILITARY RECRUIT.—Joseph Bridge, aged 80, belonging to the second company of the second battalion Grenadier Guards, was brought before Mr. Magistrate charged with indecently assaulting Miss Agnes Tarliff, a young lady residing at No. 8, St. John's-terrace, North Gate, Regent's-park. The complainant (a young lady who seemed much affected in giving her evidence) said: I am a single lady. Between two and three this afternoon I was in the Regent's-park, near the Zoological-garden, and a military policeman came behind me and lifted my dress, and then I was seized by the collar of my dress (chief clerk): Did he touch any part of your person? The complainant: No. Mr. Phillips: What did you next do? The witness: I caught him by the throat, when he seized me by the

both my hands, and as I tried to release myself he struck me on the forehead. Mr. Phillips: Purposely? Complainant: Yes. Mr. Mansfield: With his fist? Complainant: Yes. The young lady continued: He caught hold of my pocket-handkerchief, and told me to go with my pistol. Mr. Mansfield: Was that when the attack was made? Complainant: Yes. Mr. Mansfield: Were you by yourself? Complainant: No, sir. I had a little boy with me ten years of age. I ran after the prisoner screaming, and two gentlemen stopped him. I know nothing farther. Mr. Mansfield (to prisoner): Do you wish to ask the lady any question? Prisoner: I deny it. Mr. Richard Briggs, who described himself as a doctor of law at Devizes, said: I was near the carriage-way dividing the Park from Primrose-hill, when I observed the prisoner running on in an excited and unusual manner up the rise of the hill. He had passed me about fifty yards when I heard screams from a female citizen to "stop him!" or "stop him!" I pursued the prisoner and nearly enough to speak to him, and calling on him said he was wanted. He made no reply. I ran on farther for several yards, and said to him, "If you are an honest man, you had better stop." As he was not disposed to do so I caught hold of his overcoat with a view to get either the number or name of his regiment. As I did so he turned round and struck at me. I repeated again that he had better stop if he was honest. I followed on till he was out of breath, when he took off his coat, and as we were standing together the park-keeper came and took him into custody. The lady said that he had indecently assaulted her and taken her pocket-handkerchief. She then asked the general to allow her to make the charge, but cannot collect his exact words. The young gentleman named Thomas Jackson, residing at No. 1, Ormond-terrace, Regent's Park, deposed: I was going through the Park with a young lady when I heard some one screaming, and saw the soldier running away. I followed him and saw the last witness stop the prisoner. When he was brought back the lady charged him, and he said he was not guilty. I went to the police-station, where he admitted having struck the lady. Mr. Phillips: He admitted. How do you know that? Witness: I asked him. Mr. Phillips: Why did you ask him when he was in the custody of the police? Witness: I said I saw him and asked him. The lady Mr. Phillips: You had no business to do so. Witness: I did so through ignorance. I know nothing of such proceedings at a court like this. Thomas White, a park-keeper, proved taking the prisoner into custody, and the lady said he had insulted her and taken her pocket-handkerchief. She said he had pulled her clothes. At the station he heard the prisoner say he struck the lady. Sergeant William Holmes, 29 F, said: This afternoon prisoner was brought to the station charged with assaulting a lady. The lady came in in a very distressed state and crying very much, and charged the prisoner. When the charge was read over to him, he (the prisoner) said, "I deny insulting the lady, but I did strike her." Mr. Phillips: Why did you not allow witness to ask the prisoner whether he struck the lady? Sergeant Holmes: I could not prevent him. Mr. Phillips: I should not have allowed him. Sergeant Holmes: It is true, Mr. Phillips, that the witness put the question; but, at the same time, it was done before I could stop him. Mr. Mansfield: Was the prisoner drunk or sober? Holmes: He appeared as if he had been drinking. Mr. Mansfield (to prisoner): What have you to say to this charge? Prisoner: I deny it. Mr. Mansfield: Have you nothing further to say? Prisoner: No. Mr. Mansfield: Your denial is not sufficient. I have not the slightest doubt but that such a ruffian as you should wear the uniform that you now do. I shall sentence you to six months' hard labour.

WORSHIP STREET.

ALLEGED BURGLARY BY A WOMAN—Caroline Pope and Coline Hodges were charged with the following offence:—The evidence against Pope showed that on the 24th of October last the house of a Mr. Griffiths, in Victoria-street, Hackney-road, was, during the absence of the family, broken open at the rear, before eight o'clock in the evening, and that about £12 worth of wearing apparel was stolen therefrom. Among the property was a silk dress value £5, a silk mantle, a suit of clothes, and a variety of articles of less value. No man was seen near the premises at the time in question; and subsequent circumstances induced the belief that the entrance had been effected by one or more of the other sex. Langley, 93 H, after considerable inquiry, ascertained that some of the girls had been pledged at Messrs. Sutton's, in Shoreditch, as Misses Russell's in King's Road. The description of the parties was taken, and each in each identified as being the prisoners. Pope and the constable therefore went to her house in Bunbury street on searching which he found a duplicate relating to the silk dress and cape, pledged for £2 2s, on the night of the robbery; three suits of clothes and a shawl for 20s, on the 29th of the month. The prosecutor identified the property as that which had been stolen from him, and the pawnbrokers' assistants swore to the woman Pope as the pledger of it. Thus fixed, she was compelled to fall back upon the assertion that she had pawned the things for a lodger of hers, but this also was proved to be false, she not visiting any lodger, and White, 90 H, having given evidence of her being receiving no lodger, or felony in July, 1860 she was fully committed for trial. A second case was admitted to bail.

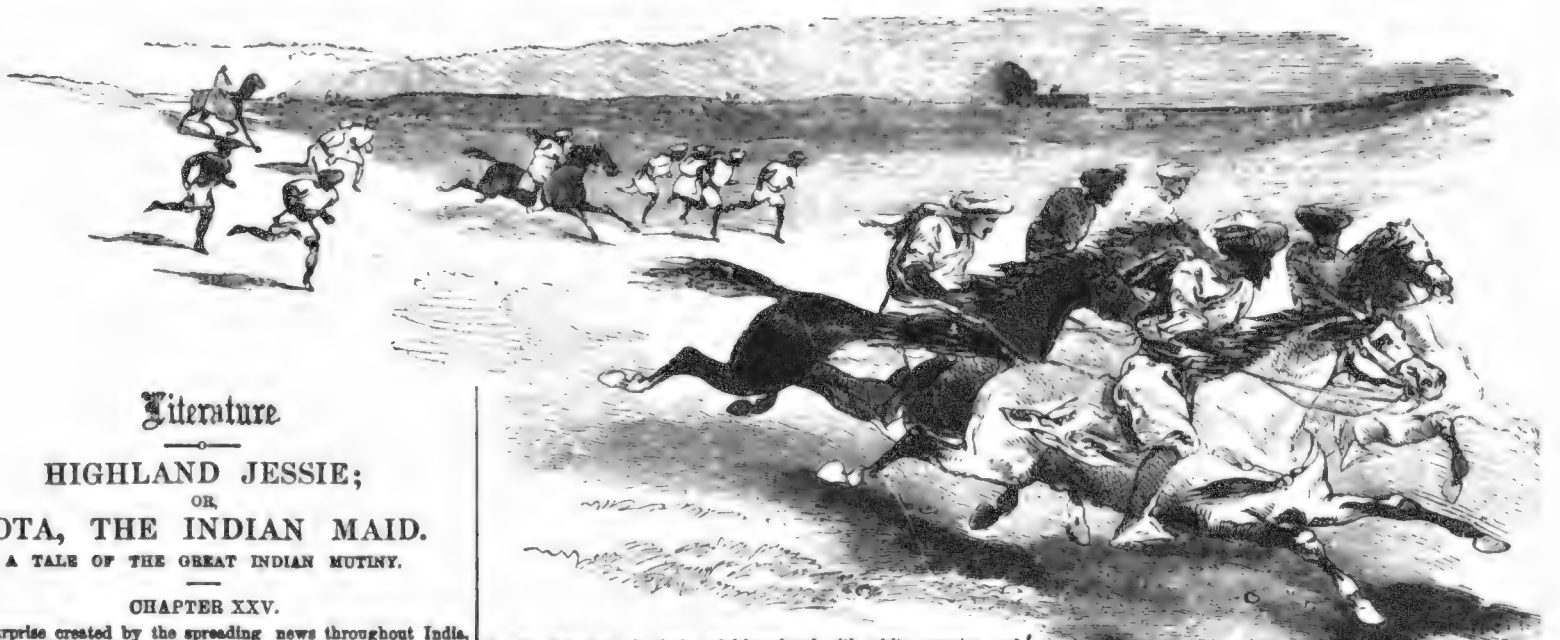
admitted to bail.

A RUFFIAN PUNISHED.—Daniel Lloyd, 40, by trade a shoemaker, and living in Ebenezer-street, Hoxton, was charged with assaulting his wife, Elizabeth, who had been given numerous marks of ill-usage. A police-constable of the N division said: Shortly after one o'clock this morning I heard screams proceeding from the prisoner's house, and having gained entrance found complainant in bed, and her husband, with a poker in his hand, standing at the foot, using most horrible language and threatening her. She gave him into custody. He was sober. Wife: I was in bed when he came home, and because I had nothing but some cold fish for his supper, he struck at me with a poker. I avoided the direction of the blow, and it fell on my right wrist. Magistrate: What are those marks on your face? This (pointing to a large scar) he has stabbed me with the point of a knife. Wife: Yes, and that (a bruise)? Wife: Oh, that he did soon afterwards. They were all caused by his violence at different times. I only wish him to keep away from me. Magistrate: Did you ever bring him here before? Wife: Oh, yes, sir, and eighteen months ago he was imprisoned for six months for causing my head to open. Magistrate: When did you last charge him? Wife: I had a summons against him five weeks ago, but he did not attend to it; he never does. Haynes, one of the warrant officers, mentioned that he had served numerous warrants and summonses upon the man; but the truth was, that the wife invariably begged him off or forbore to appear. Mr. Cook to the jury: It was clear he had taken advantage of his wife's weakness to repeat with impunity assaults upon her, and that his wife's weakness was the result of being subjected to—thus her face bore manifest marks of what was very frequently before the magistrates at this court, he should send him for four months' imprisonment to the House of Correction. Prisoner merely replied: She excites me to it.

## SOUTHWARK

**DARING WATCH ROBBERY BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE WOMAN.**—Rebecca Smith, a smartly-dressed, pleasant-looking woman, a ticket-of-leave convict, was brought before Mr. Harcourt for final examination, charged with having stolen a valuable silver watch from the person of Edward Thompson, under very daring circumstances. The prosecutor, a fashionably-attired young man, said that on Monday evening, the 28th ultimo, he met the prisoner in a refreshment-house in the Westminster-bridge-road, and he treated her to something to drink. He had at that time his watch safe in his waistcoat pocket attached to a guard chain. All of a sudden the prisoner rushed out of the house, and on locking down he saw the chain hanging loosely, and his watch was gone. He immediately went in pursuit of her, and when near Astley's Theatre he overtook her in the arms of another female. He seized both of them and said to the woman that she had stolen his watch, and he should give her into custody. She at first denied it, but afterwards handed him the watch, begging him to let her go. He, however, took her to the constable on duty at Astley's Theatre and gave her into custody. The prisoner denied the statement of the prosecutor. She never handed him the watch at all. Another woman who was not in custody did that. The prosecutor declared that he never spoke to any other woman but the prisoner. His worship would see that the robbery was effected by a practised thief, as the watch was broken at the bow. Richard Holt, 149 M., said that on Monday night, the 28th of last month, he was on duty at the entrance of Astley's Theatre, where the prisoner came up to him holding the prisoner, whom he charged with stealing his watch. At the same time he handed her the watch to his witness, saying that the prisoner had given it back to him. He had charged her with the robbery. The prisoner said that she had nothing of the prosecutor or his watch, and that a woman who she asked out of a fish-shop had put the latter in his hand. The prisoner declared that was all false. As soon as the gentleman came up to her and charged her with stealing his watch she walked back with him to the nearest police officer to give herself up. The prosecutor never had hold of her at all. The constable positively asserted that the prosecutor had hold of her and gave her in charge, at the same time handing him the watch. Witness added, that the prisoner was a well-known and experienced thief, and an officer was in court who could prove her to be a ticket-of-leave woman. Thomas Knowler, police constable, said he told that the prisoner was tried at the General Sessions on the 15th of April, 1861, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude for watch-stealing. At that time there were four other convicts proved against her. Witness added that he understood she had not long been liberated with a ticket-of-leave. Mr. Harcourt fully committed her for trial.





## Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE;  
OR  
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.  
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE surprise created by the spreading news throughout India, that the 20th Native Bengal Infantry had mutinied and killed its colonel, Finnis, was much like the surprise we experience by a death which has been long expected, and so long that the expectation has almost ceased to exist.

For years, from 1840, there had been faint rumours of disaffection, but though a certain credit had been given to them, and though their memory had never died out, still the continued peaceable disposition of the people and native military gave a continual denial to these warnings. They were as an invalid who is always going to die, and at last only believed when he ceases to breathe. The mutiny in India was very much like the fable of the boy and the wolf; the boy called wolf so often, and no wolf was to be found, that when that unwelcome visitor came in reality, the boy called in vain, and fell an easy prey to his aggressor. So in India. Many warnings had proved needless, so that at the commencement of 1857, and when they were really worth attending to, they passed unheeded.

Even the murder of Finnis—the leading act of the mutiny—did not at first impress Anglo-Indians with the danger that was surrounding them. They looked upon Finnis's death (if there were any truth in the report) as a murder, and not as a signal for mutiny.

Meanwhile the dak runners were spreading the news over India (a). Wherever these flying postmen appeared, they blanched

the English faces in their neighbourhood with white surprise, and having done this, they again began their fruitful journey of trouble.

But though the news from Meerut startled people, it did not fill them with apprehension of such deeds as were to be accomplished in the course of a month or six weeks.

Mrs. Col. O'Goggarty, for instance, polished up her revolver with her own fair hands, but she had no idea that she would have to use it. As for the "natturs," as she called the natives, about her, she vowed they were as true as "dimunta." But, for all that, it must be admitted they were black diamonds.

"Bedad, don't tell me," she would say. "And praps 'twas an accident; and I'll thank ye to pass that bit of wash-leather, Ensign Poppe, for while I'm at it, I may as well give this rayvolver a good polish as a bad 'un. And, Poppe, my boy, go over to Sir Olive's bungalow and ask aither me lady: and, Poppe, me lad, as ye're comin' back, drop into Bengall's, and get me a box o' car-lozenges."

"Yes, Coloneness," said the boy, or young man; and off he went. He was called in the 3—th Mammy O'Gog's pretty page. It was a hard name to bear, and the lady herself often gave Poppe himself a hard time of it; but the fact stood that she had looked after him in a rheumatic fever, and furthermore had held the boy's head while Phil Edingham had pulled out an immense grinder with a wrench which had led Poppe to the momentary belief that it was nothing less than his head which was being extracted.

"Bedad," said Amelia to a fair friend that same day; "if there's any truth in this affair now, the letters won't be coming to hand to post time—which is saying they will, meaning a long time after."

[DAK RUNNERS CARRYING THE NEWS OF THE MUTINY.]

Here Mrs. O'Gog showed her usual amount of penetration. It was quite certain that in the event of anything like disaffection in the country, the ordinary postal communication would be injured, if not entirely for a time suspended.

Days passed, dating from the hour when Poppe came steaming into the presence of his colonel with the serious news of Colonel Finnis's death.

Rumours were very rife, but nothing which could be called official was to be learnt.

Meanwhile, if any of the English feared (which is doubtful, remembering the early date of which we are now speaking, about the 29th of May), no one showed fear; and also, if the natives were joyful, and anticipating a deliverance from the white race, they hid their exultation under their ordinary outward appearance.

Only one man in the whole 3—th felt certain as to the magnitude of the danger that surrounded the Anglo-Indians. He was quite sure that a mutiny had commenced, and while he faced a consideration of its consequences, he trembled before their extent.

(a) DAK RUNNERS—These men are a kind of running postmen. Their endurance is wonderful, a few grains of rice being their sole support. This ability of temperance is only equalled by their steady, continuous speed. They can keep up with horses for many miles, and even run almost an entire day, without stopping. Their pay is very small—a few daily half-pence.







MUTINOUS SEPOYS PURSUED BY CAVALRY. (See page 494.)

Could he do aught to save his fellow-countrymen, or aught to mitigate the dangers that were coming upon them?

At all events, he felt that he could but fail in trying—and try he would.

His suspicions turned upon Lota. It will be remembered that at the commencement of this work, it was pointed out that Phil did not like the Indians or their character. He was not an uncharitable man, but he was very straightforward and simple in his ways; and this being the case, he could not endure the duplicity of the Indian character, even though it were employed in an innocent manner.

A plain man, he expected every man or woman to be plain; and where he found the artificial, there he lodged his dislike. The man hated shams—recognised that men in a great measure lived for themselves; but finally, that all men owed a plain duty to the rest of his kind, which sometimes called for something like sacrifice. For instance, he had long before set down and calculated his income; and finding it was not enough for two, he had in a measure pasted together the leaves of the holy service of matrimony, as set out in the Prayer Book, and meant to leave them so. He would have liked to marry in a plain, steady, cool-blooded manner; but he asked himself what would become of the probable children (for he had no private means), and he put the idea on one side for good.

He was a man who, in a cheery and rather narrow way, lived for a set observance of duty. He liked a friend well enough; but his duty called for more liking than the friend. Hence, when suddenly Lota became to him an object of suspicion—when he felt that she clashed against his sense of duty—he, in a measure, turned upon her. Why had she asked the date of the day on which she had regained her senses? and why, when the young ensign broke into the room with his terrible announcement—why did she cry, "Too late! too late!" He was a plain, steady man, who knew that every effect must have its cause; and he sought for a cause for such conduct on her part. Test her words as he might, he still came to this conclusion: that the news of Finia's death—in other words, the news of the outbreak of the mutiny he had openly anticipated—was intimately associated with her wretched despair.

What should he do now the question he had to answer himself. It is an awful moment when a man has to choose between his pity and his duty, and either in the first place shadow his own honour; or, in the second, wound where he would heal only. Any blow struck at Lota would wound her husband—he who, if not the oldest of Phil's friends, was certainly one of his dearest chums. And yet would he be doing duty either to himself, the red cloth he wore, or to his fellows in arms, if he suppressed the fact that a traitress was amongst them? And what other conclusion could he arrive at in judging Lota than that she was a traitress? Her words proved that she identified her thought with the outbreak at Meerut. Then it was clear that she could only know of that outbreak through some Indian and no English channel, seeing that the outbreak in question was totally unexpected at head or any other quarters.

For days on days he deliberated, hesitating, because the news which came in was not unspeakably alarming. Meerut was still disturbed; but no accounts came in from other places, and the inference to be drawn was that the mutiny was confined to that station. It was the inference drawn by Phil Effingham.

Meanwhile, he kept his eyes about him, and saying naught, watched the black people about him unceasingly. That the native ability in dissembling was indeed great, may be felt from the fact that the doctor marked not a fragment of suspicion, though at that moment the conspiracy was so rife at Lucknow, that only the absence (it is now known) of an influential leader of the Indians prevented the development of the mutiny in that place.

But, as the days went on, news still drifting into the city either of revolted Sepoys here, or the staunch adherence of others there, Phil summed up against Lota.

"She's got the Indian blood in her, and she can't get it out; and the Indian blood is treacherous, every drop of it!"

Right he may have been—and, perhaps, equally wrong. Be that

as it may, if the Maker's judgment is against him, it should not be forgotten that he was a soldier, and one who had not been brought much under that womanly influence, which certainly does—carp at it as may assembled men—tend to improve the tone of a man's thought.

Meanwhile, another of the gallant 3—th was thinking painfully in regard to Lota. This was the good chaplain, George Graham. That same scene enacted by Lota spoke far more plainly to him than to Phil Effingham. If the doctor hesitated as to the course of his duty, the chaplain caught his breath as he asked himself had he committed a sin, almost national in its magnitude, by hiding the facts (as far as he knew them) of the conspiracy in which he had been a forced actor in the temple near Cawnpore. Two influences had stilled his tongue. The first, that Christian love of forgiveness which, it is too much to be feared, is so far inappropriate to our living world as to drift into weakness; the second, that he looked upon that assembly as rather one of weak fanatics yearning towards the impossible, than as resolute men who had fully determined to carry their fearful plot to its destroying termination. A simple-hearted and unsuspecting man, he was not likely to suspect a crime of such magnitude as that extent, the mutiny, however limited, certainly obtained.

But now the outbreak at Meerut, combined with Lota's expressions, made him suspect, while he reddened at his own suspicions. But plead for her as his heart would, his brain told him that she must have known something of the approach of that fearful, if short, storm of man's passion and red-handed murder. Only one consideration stayed him from action. It was that which kept Phil quiet—the hope that the disaffection was purely local. For to accuse Lota, involved her apprehension on a charge positively of high treason. It was an awful duty for both men; and each was equally unable to gauge the awe he felt at the awful position in which he was placed.

Days, he it said once more, went on. During their course Lota lay gradually mending, yet ever feverish. There was that wild look in the eyes which the superstitious ever declare to be a forerunner of trouble.

What was in her thought?

Often and often she half ventured to speak during that lull in the storm which marked the lapse between the outbreak at Meerut and the news from Delhi. But she dared not.

She was afraid to speak, because she feared that to do so would but hurry a catastrophe she firmly believed could not be avoided. She gave credence to the Vengha-told news that all India was with the insurgents. Believing that the revelation of her secret would be the signal for massacre rather than the means of saving the whites, she held her peace.

But she had another and greater fear than that of the outbreak of the mutiny at Lucknow, and this was the safety of her child. Vengha had disappeared about the time that the child had been placed in the care of the friendly captain, who had willingly agreed to get the boy down to Calcutta. What if Vengha had possessed herself of the little Arthur? And if she had, what would be her conduct towards the child? Why should she do it harm, she asked herself; and then she would shudderingly be reminded that half the boy's blood was of that race Vengha abhorred. Be this as it may, she doubted—a sufficient evidence she had no suspicion that Vengha had reduced her to that state of senselessness in which she had so long lain.

Questioned on this subject, she replied that she was leaving the room, when a kind of sickness overpowered her, and that she fell to the ground as she saw Vengha standing before her.

It was on the fourth day from the date of the recovery of her senses, that news arrived for which the poor soul was miserably yearning. A letter was brought in by one of the dak bearers for the Sahib Olive St. Maur.

"There now, Lotty," said Olive, after opening and glancing at the letter; "I told you Tom and his wife had taken as good care of the boy as you could yourself. You see, he says they have reached

—well, I don't catch the name—but by this time they are safe in Calcutta, and perhaps already on board. The boy will soon pick up his colour at sea."

Meanwhile, Lota was examining the letter very carefully.

"Do you know Tom's handwriting, Olive? Take it and look." "Yes, it's his, certain," said Olive; "though, by the way," he added, "it does look a little shaky here and there, don't it? But then, you see, Tom's had fever, and he always was a devil of a fellow for the bottle! It's the bottle makes his hand shake."

"Or fear?" she asked, more of herself than her husband. He broke out into a great laugh. "By Jove, Lotty, you are a good one—you are! What should he be afraid about—the postage?"

She didn't answer for a few moments; and then, looking up and speaking in that earnest tone which is one generally noticeable amongst the blind, she said, "Olive, don't laugh at what I am about to say."

"It all depends, Lotty—say away."

"I'm afraid to stop in India—I want you to take me away, at once. You can get leave—can't you?"

"I don't know. But what is the meaning of this—I must say the word—this freak, Lotty?"

"It's no freak, Olive; if you don't get me out of India, I shall die. Do you think you can get leave?"

"Well, I don't know. If this Meerut affair spreads, of course, leave is quite out of the question."

"Will you try for leave, St. Maur?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, in the light, gay way which was common to him. "I suppose, Lotty," he added, "this is all of a piece with that performance of yours when the Meerut intelligence was brought. I could not make head or tail of that; and I'll consent to be shot if I can be made to understand what on earth you now mean."

"Never mind what I mean, Olive. I tell you if I am not moving homewards—that is, to Scotland—directly, I shall soon call for little help."

The tone of these words, rather than the words themselves, shocked him.

"My dear girl," he said, "I'll see what's to be done. I would rather lose my honour a score of times than your life. I'll go to O'Gog, and see what he says about it. Bless me, how hot your hand is, Lotty! There! hope for the best; I'll manage something or another. If I can't be off myself, it does not follow that you need remain here."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she said, clinging to him desperately, and in a manner so totally uncalled for, seeing the common-place aspect of the whole business which Olive put upon it, that he broke out into a second loud laugh.

The poor thing shuddered. Some such thought as that of a great writer who makes a clown die with the paint on his face—some such thought assailed her as she saw him laughing, while knowing how near to death he sat as he made merry. And yet she could not speak—by so doing she believed firmly that she would only hasten the drawing of that black sword which was to be turned against the English.

"Ta, ta!" said Olive, in that light tone which was more assumed than natural, for it has been said his married life had not been happy. If he was gay in manner, it was because he loved to rut the best face even upon partial wretchedness. "Ta, ta, Lotty! I'll go and see what O'Gog will say to both of us bolting. I'm afraid he won't be, as his wife would say, 'after complimenting' me."

"Don't be long," she said, still with that wild look in her eyes. "I'll speak to Phil," he thought, as he picked up his sword, and ran it into the belt. "I'm afraid she's got a fever on her. Hullo!" he said aloud, as, leaving the house, he came upon the doctor and he said aloud, almost on the threshold of the house—"one of you is the very fellow I wanted to see. Phil, my wife is off on a new tack—I wish you would go in and see her."

"Have you heard the news, Olive?" asked Phil.



"No. Were you two fellows coming to see Lotty?" he said.  
 "We met at the corner," said Graham; "and both coming on here, we marched together."  
 "Ho! what's the news?"  
 "The mutiny is spreading—at least, it is rumoured so."  
 "By Jove! which way?"  
 "Dehl!" said Phil, curtly.  
 "Anywhere else?" asked Sir Olive.  
 "Ain't that enough?" growled the surgeon.  
 "Then there's an end of all chance of leave," said Olive; "and Lotty must go by herself."  
 "Where does Lady St. Maur think of going?" asked the chaplain.

"Home—England," said the baronet.  
 Both his interlocutors started; and then, by one of those extraordinary coincidences which sometimes occur so opportunely that weak-minded people commit themselves to the supposition that heaven has specially interposed for the guidance of men, the doctor and chaplain looked at each other with such meaning, such earnestness, that each in a measure surprised the secret of the other.

"Lotty is in, as I need not tell you. Where's O'Gog?"  
 "Up at the chief commissioner's," said Phil.  
 "Oh!" replied the captain. "Ta, ta! There'll be hot work, depend on it. Don't weaken Lotty too much, Phil. And you, Graham, don't lecture her too much. Shall see you at tiffin. Ta, ta!"

But here Phil took the hand of his brother-companion in arms, and shaking it strongly, he said, with much earnestness, "Good-bye, old fellow!"  
 The tone, and even the words themselves, astounded Olive. It is extraordinary when a man who is rarely sentimental becomes so, but how much more extraordinary is it when such a man says feelingly, "Good-bye!" seeing, in all probability, he will elbow you in another half-hour, and be in your company daily for quite an unknown period.

"Hang it! You're as bad as Lotty," he said, struck with the similarity of earnestness he had now noted in both of them.  
 He little thought that Phil was saying "good-bye"—not to him, but, as he supposed, to all their old simple friendship, to the freedom of their mess-room companionship, undimmed as it was by any serious difference or gulf between them. He little thought that Phil anticipated they would never again speak in friendship—if ever, indeed, they addressed each other once more.

The men turned from each other, to all outward appearance, in a totally ordinary manner. In reality, between them was the performance of a duty which, in all human probability, was to deal Olive such a blow that death itself had been far preferable to it.

Olive some steps away, the two men looked at each other, and again with that conscious expression which was equal to words.  
 Entering the house, and sending in their cards, they were in the drawing-room, face to face, and alone.

"Graham?"  
 "Yes," the chaplain replied.  
 "You do know who tried to strangle you in the temple?"  
 "I do, Birmingham."  
 "And you know many that were there?"  
 "Yes," the minister replied, concisely.

"For one, sir?"  
 As the doctor spoke, he pointed in the direction the servant had taken.

"Yes," the minister gravely replied—and that was the only word he used; for it often happens that when good men are about to act justly but cruelly, they find only few words with which to illustrate their work.

"You did wrong, Graham, to hide it."  
 "I admit I did, but I hope I erred on the side of Christianity. How did you find the poor creature's secret out?"

Here the humble servant returned, saying his lady would see the sahibs in a short time.

The two men had spoken in low tones, and with very little distance between them. Observing similar precautions, they continued their conversation.

"How did I find her out?" asked Phil. "I confess I never believed your tale about that affair in the temple. The Nema was there, and over Lady St. Maur, as would, of course, have some kind of influence. They were brought up like brother and sister. But, of course, it was the words she uttered when that unknown medicine took effect, which led me to feel sure she knew of the coming state of things. I never liked that Vengha—and it was strange that just at that time she should disappear. In a word, putting this and that together, I have brought it home to her, to my own dissatisfaction."

"Quite rightly," said the minister.

"But when the Meerut news arrived, why did you not take some course of action?" asked the doctor.

"Because I gave little value to the news. It appeared to me a solitary assassination, but—"

"But," Phil broke in with—"now that the news of the spread of the mutiny has got here, Graham, you know that you have made a mistake all along in this business."

"Most certainly."

"And you come here to repair it?"

"As far as I can," replied the chaplain, gravely.

"I knew we were both on the same errand, the moment you said you were going to the house. Do you know how it will end?"

"No."

"But you are determined to make this woman speak?"

"Yes," the chaplain said; "even if she were of my own blood—even if she were my dead daughter's child—I could have no pity—I should force her to speak!"

"By Jove!" said Phil, with just a faint waver in the clear, cutting voice; "all this will break Olive's heart!"

"I hope not. He is too much of a man."

"You'll have no mercy on her, I suppose?" said Phil. For, somehow, at this point, the two men in a faint degree appeared to change places: the Christian minister became stern, and the plain, bluff soldier became a little softened by pity; yet, nevertheless, he did not waver in his determination.

"She must speak," said the chaplain.

"What if she won't?"

"I have but one duty then to perform. I must appeal to the commandant, lay all the circumstances before him, and leave the matter entirely in his hands."

"Surely she might still be of service to us," said Phil; "the outbreak has not yet spread very far."

"I am afraid what to think," said the chaplain. "I know only that I did not do my duty as a soldier when I held my peace concerning what I saw at Cawnpore. I now repair my error as far as possible, come what may, happen what must."

Phil nodded his head.

It is just possible that had the chaplain been absent he would not have wavered for a moment. But, like the world, which will condemn men for condemning where it would have otherwise condemned of its own will, so Phil, finding a better man to do his work than he himself, half-persuaded himself the work itself was cruel. And yet, he afterwards said, he felt sure that had the chaplain hesitated, he, Phil, would have taken the whole wretched task upon himself. For, you see, the wisest of us human beings are not, any of them, at all times consistent; so what can you expect of a poor Anglo-Indian surgeon?

To confess the truth, there was no enviable work. They had, perhaps, to threaten—certainly, to force Lotty to a humiliating confession, and one which might throw her into a prison.

No, it was not an enviable task upon which these two men were engaged.

They remained silent after the doctor had nodded his head, and

thereupon the ticking timepiece struck so audibly upon their stretched hearing that the sound became a positive pain.

A little while, and a second Hindoo servant, bowing lowly, entered the room.

"The mem-sahib will see the sahibs," said the man, crossing his arms upon his chest.

The two men rose, and looked at each other almost as though they were about to become murderers.

But upon neither face appeared the quality of mercy. Justice, alone and indestructible, sat enthroned upon their faces.

Speak she must, or suffer still more ignobly.

Meanwhile, public alarm was spreading, but to no extent. The news of the advance of the mutiny was "ugly," said military men, but no one appeared to be able to conceive of the comparative vastness of the fast approaching catastrophe.

At Lucknow itself all appeared favourable. The black soldiery were not only obedient, but conciliatory in look and tone, while the police (a) showed a most earnest disposition to maintain order.

Meanwhile, and in the neighbourhood of Meerut, the most bloody scenes were being enacted. If, on some sides, the whites fell; on all, the Indians fell before the strong white arm (b).

The war had begun, and the terrible vultures were sniffing the blood from afar, and trooping in myriads to the feast man had provided for these scavengers of nature.

Vultures—these are the last horrors of war, teaching man how fallen he becomes when slaying—so fallen, that he is mere food for vultures. Oh! War is necessary at times—but it is ever horrible.

(To be continued in our next)

(a) LUCKNOW PUNISH.—This fine body of men were wonderfully faithful to the British crown. They were quite as devoted as our own soldiery.

(b) MUTINIOUS SOLDIERS PURSUED BY CAVALRY.—The cavalry did marvellous service throughout the suppression of the insurrection. Their superiority over the enemy was so great that we almost, and involuntarily, pity those of the latter who had to encounter the English horsemen. They had no chance of escape. By the way, referring once more to Meerut, it is well, perhaps, if the reader is put in possession of some further particulars of the rising at that station—interesting from the fact of its being the germ of the disaffection. The following particulars are taken from a private letter written by an officer shortly after the outbreak:—

About five o'clock the 20th Native Infantry, and 8th Light Cavalry rushed from their lines, armed and furious, the former regiment firing off their muskets, approaching the 11th Native Infantry, and calling upon them to arm, come out, and join them. The 11th hesitated at first—some unknown; but presently they, too, armed and rushed out, and the mutinous fuel took flame. About this time, Colonel Finnis and several other officers of the 11th Native Infantry came upon the parade, and commenced haranguing the sepoys, attempting to pacify them and bring them to order, when the colonel's horse was wounded by a bullet fired by the 20th. On this he saw that this matter was more serious than he had wished to believe; and one of his officers inquiring if he should ride off to the brigade-major for aid, and give the alarm, Colonel Finnis consented. This is the last time he was seen alive by European eyes; for immediately afterwards he was shot in the back by a sepoy of the 20th, fell from his horse, and was actually hidden with bullets. About this time, the other officers of the 11th, seeing that their presence among the mutineers was perfectly useless, and the British flying about them in all directions, retreated from the lines, and sought safety mainly in the direction of the lines of the 8th Dragoon Guards (Carbanciers), to which I must now transfer the narrative. [The writer had previously escaped to the Carbanciers' lines, and had given the alarm. He proceeds:—] It took us a long time, in my opinion, to get ready, and it was dark before the dragoons were prepared to start in a body; while by this time flames began to ascend in all directions—from the lines, and the officers' bungalows of the 2nd Cavalry, and the 11th and 20th Native Infantry, from public buildings, messhouses, private residences, and, in fact, every edifice and thing that came within reach of the torch and fury of the mutineers and of the bazooka, who, in considerable numbers, I believe, joined in their terrific orgies. On all sides shot up into the heavens great pinnacles of waving fire, of all hues and colours, according to the nature of the fuel that fed them, huge volumes of smoke rolling solemnly off in the sultry night air, and the crackling and roar of the conflagration mingling with the shouts and riot of the mutineers. The entire scene, of which these were the most prominent external features, and which words cannot describe, I leave you to imagine, if you are fond of the horrible and the tragic. I must now come to the particulars of the brutal outrages and assassinations that marked this outbreak, premising, however, that a sense of delicacy and a regard for the harassed feelings of surviving friends and relatives, prevent me from entering into details, the relation of which could only gratify a mind fond of horrors and atrocities.

At the very commencement of the episode, the 3rd Light Cavalry, saddling and mounting their horses, galloped off to the goal, and of course overpowering all resistance, liberated their eighty-five comrades, and all the other prisoners, to the number of 1,300, apparently. Returning from this, they joined the mutineers of the 20th Native Infantry, and the word of massacre upon the Europeans began, without regard to rank, age, sex, or employment, furious and merciless. Among those not in the military employ of Government who perished in this indiscriminate massacre, were Mr. Treagar, of the education department; Mrs. Courtney, the mistress of the hotel; and many women and girls whose names I do not know. After all this work was done, and the mutineers had retreated, the remainder of the night passed away in gloom and doubt, and the conflagration having nothing more to feed upon, was extinguished, as it were, by the rising beams and more powerful light of the sun. I mounted my horse and rode down from the Carbanciers' lines towards my hospital and the Native Infantry lines, dubious as to the state of affairs, and came to the charred and blackened huts and bungalows, all naked and deserted. On my way down, a cholera epidemic, and was passing many when I stopped the bearers and asked what they carried? They answered, "The Colonel Sahib." It was poor Finnis's body, which had just been found where he fell, and was being carried towards the churchyard. All sick, to the number of about forty, had fled from the hospital, which was deserted, with the exception of two or three smallpox cases, too had to move, and who appeared much surprised at my attending to them as if nothing whatever had occurred. In the midst of our own troubles, we are very anxious about the fate of the Europeans at Delhi, whether the mutineers have gone, and as the telegraph wires were out at the commencement of the outbreak, we know nothing of what is occurring elsewhere, nor of what is known about us. I hope the health of our men will stand the constant duty in this terrible weather until relief shall come to us, or some move suited to the magnitude of the danger and disaster shall be made by some man of energy and competence, for whom here is an occasion. We have plenty of small arm ammunition, and sharp words in the hands of as good regimental officers and men as ever sat in saddles or shouldered firelock; and ought to be able to hold our own, if the odds don't rise very much against us. All that we now much dread, is fire to our bungalows and barracks, and what we most look to is the desertion of the European regiments from the hills to join us."

Two HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE NEW COMPANIES IN 1863.—During the last year no less than 263 new companies were started. Their capital amounts to one hundred millions sterling! They are thus classified:—27 banks, £31,900,000; 15 money (discount, &c.), £19,000,000; 65 manufactures and trades, £14,455,000; 14 insurance, £10,300,000; 17 railways, £9,496,000; 47 hotels, £4,820,000; 6 shipping, £4,168,000; 49 mining, £3,019,000; 17 miscellaneous, £2,655,000; 6 gas, £670,000. Fortunately these figures are not so formidable as they appear. The hundred millions sterling thus seeming to be absorbed must be subjected to vast deductions. At least one-third of the list will never proceed further than registration. Another third will be wound up within two years. The remaining third will go on and prosper, but will probably never call up one-half of their capitals, and the actual calls will be spread over twelve or eighteen months, so these are not likely to cause any serious embarrassment.—*Law Times*.

A CAPITAL NEW YEAR'S GIFT for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), a Writing-case, fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORTO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

#### THE TOWNLEY CASE.

THE following is a copy of a letter addressed by Sir George Grey to Mr. Evans, M.P., in reply to the memorial of the magistrates of the county of Derby in the case of George Victor Townley:—

"To T. W. EVANS, Esq., M.P., ALLESTREE HALL, DERRY.

"Whitehall, Jan. 8.

"Sir,—I am directed by Secretary Sir George Grey to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., transmitting a letter addressed to him by the magistrates of the county of Derby, whose signatures are attached to it."

"Sir George Grey has read that letter with the attention to which both the importance of the subject it refers to, and the persons from whom it proceeds, justly entitle it."

"In order to place the magistrates in full possession of the proceedings which have taken place with reference to the case of George Victor Townley, a copy of the correspondence between this office and the Lunacy Commissioners, together with two certificates of Townley's insanity received by the Secretary of State, and of the order for the removal of the prisoner to Bethlem Hospital under the provisions of the statute 3 and 4 Vict., cap. 54, sec. 1, will be transmitted to you as soon as it can be prepared."

"The magistrates will learn from this correspondence that it was in consequence of information conveyed to the Secretary of State by the learned judge before whom the prisoner was tried, that, in his opinion, a further inquiry as to the sanity of the prisoner was necessary, that the Lunacy Commissioners were requested by the Secretary of State to undertake the inquiry. Sir George Grey feels that it was impossible to refuse an inquiry so recommended by the judge, and he is not aware that, under the circumstances of the case, he could have entrusted the inquiry to more able or responsible persons, or to persons likely to conduct it with greater impartiality and freedom from any preconceived opinion or doubtful theories. The Commissioners' report is among the papers which will be sent you with the least possible delay, but the Secretary of State was not called upon to decide on that report alone whether the sentence of the law ought to be executed or not, because at the same time that he received it he received also a certificate, dated December 27, signed by three justices of the peace (one for the county and two for the borough of Derby) and two medical men, stating, in the terms required by law, that they had examined and inquired into the mental state of the prisoner, and certifying that he was insane. This was followed by a certificate to the same effect, dated the 29th of December, and signed by two justices of the peace for the county of Derby (one of them being the same who had signed the former certificate), and the same two medical men. Copies of these certificates are also among the papers which will be sent to you. Upon these certificates from four justices of the peace and two medical practitioners the prisoner, in accordance with the construction which has been uniformly placed on the section of the Act before mentioned, was ordered to be removed to Bethlem Hospital, the capital sentence being respited, but not commuted."

"The magistrates, in their letter of the 5th inst., say, with reference to the inquiry made by two magistrates, aided by two medical men, that that inquiry did not, like all previous inquiries of the same kind, originate with the local authorities, but was promoted and conducted as a matter of professional business by Townley's legal adviser. Sir George Grey had no previous information that this was the case, nor could he be in any way responsible for any irregularity—if irregularity there was—in the proceedings. No person other than a magistrate could be admitted to examine the prisoner, or to inquire into his mental state without the sanction of the visiting justices or of the Secretary of State; and as the visiting justices must, therefore, have been aware of the proceeding, and as no communication on the subject was received from them at the time, or has been received from them up to the present time by the Secretary of State, he could only presume that what was done was done with their knowledge and sanction. So far, however, as it concerned the steps to be taken by the Secretary of State, in conformity with the law, on the receipt of such a certificate, it was immaterial how the inquiry originated, provided the certificate was in accordance with the provisions of the statute."

"There is one other passage in the letter from the magistrates to which Sir George Grey thinks it right to refer. They say that the effect of the respite of Townley and of his removal to a lunatic asylum 'has been to cause much dissatisfaction, and to create a feeling, greatly to be lamented, that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; that justice has been turned aside by the power of money; and that if Townley and his friends had been poor he would have been executed.' The magistrates may possess information as to the expenditure of money by Townley's friends of which the Secretary of State has no knowledge; nor is he aware of the manner in which the magistrates believe such money to have been expended. But the most satisfactory proof which can be given that the course taken with regard to Townley is one which it would require no expenditure of money to obtain, and which would have been equally taken had Townley and his friends been poor, is a reference to a similar case which occurred at the Spring Assizes, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1861, when a man named Clark, himself a poor man, and with no friends who were not also poor, and in whose defence no counsel even was retained, was convicted of wilful murder and sentenced to death. In that case, as in the case of Townley, the learned judge before whom Clark was tried, in reporting the case to the Secretary of State, expressed his opinion that the verdict was right, but called the attention of the Secretary of State to the evidence as to the unsound state of mind of the prisoner at the time of the trial, as having, to use his own words, 'so intensely important a bearing upon the question whether he ought to be executed.' In consequence of this representation from the judge, an inquiry as to the insanity of the prisoner was directed by the Secretary of State, and the result in that case, as in the present, was his removal to a lunatic asylum."

"Sir George Grey trusts that this statement will tend to remove the impression which the magistrates say exists, and which they appear to have shared, that a similar course, under similar circumstances, would not be adopted in the case of a poor man as in the case of one whose friends had the power of expending money in his behalf."

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"H. WADDINGTON."

FLOGGING A GAROTTER IN PRISON.—The new Act of Parliament for flogging garotters was put in force in Horsemonger-lane Gaol the other day. At the Kingston winter assizes, a man named Frederick Cox was convicted of garotting an old gentleman at Guildford, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and in addition to receive twenty-five lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails in the county gaol. The punishment was duly inflicted, after which the convict was removed to Millbank Prison. While the punishment was being inflicted by one of the turnkeys, a man-of-war's man, the prisoner yelled in a frightful manner.

CURIOUS ACCIDENT.—The express train to Lyons was two nights ago delayed for some hours by the fact of a cow, which had strayed on to the line, being struck down by the engine and literally cut in two. The shock was so violent as to throw two of the carriages off the rails, but no person was injured, and the delay was the only inconvenience.—*Galignani*.

HORNIMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—(Advertisement.)



Daniel Maclise, Clarkson Stanfield, George Gwin. The council had also to propose following programme:—"The 330th birthday,

ordered to the Continent by his  
ants, on account of ill health, under which he has  
of late been labouring.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

Plaintiff here handed in a poster bill, in which it was set out that Mace was the proprietor of the circus.

square. "The Ladies' Medical Candidate," free by post for 14  
teen stamps.



the said John Hicks, at No. 313, Strand, and published by him  
at the Office, No. 313, Strand.—Saturday, January 16, 1864.